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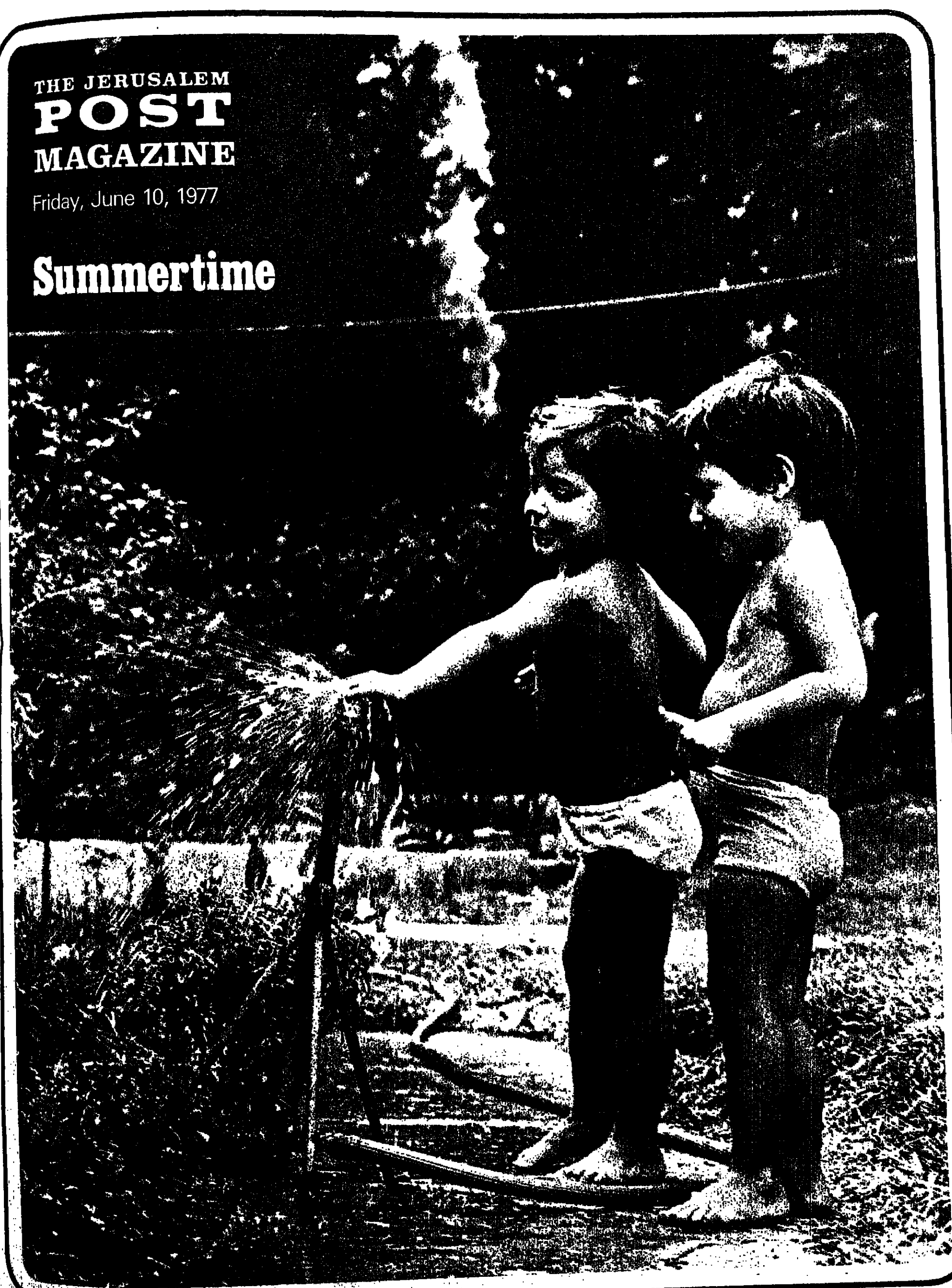


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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Friday, June 10, 1977

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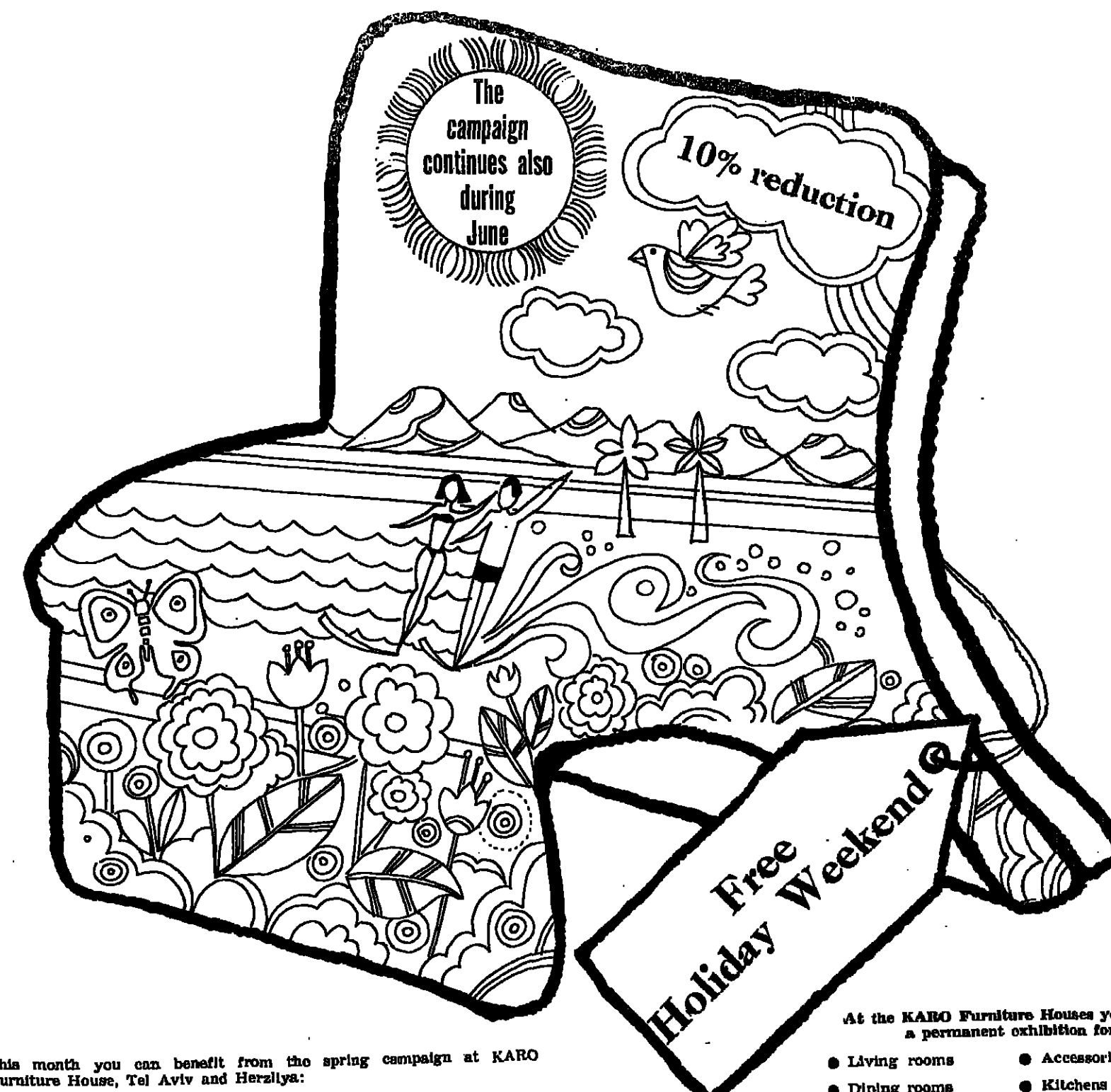
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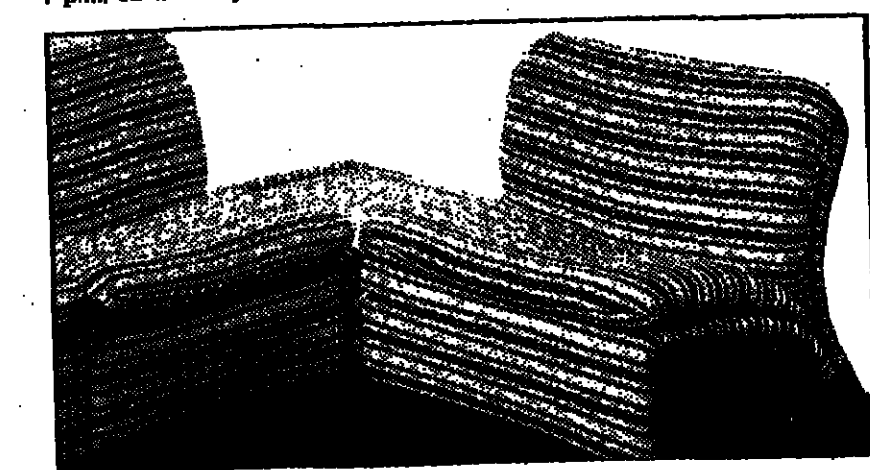
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FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1977

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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מכירת מוצרי



Cover: photo by Rubinger.

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Wolf Blitzer reports from Washington on repercussions in the U.S. of Begin's victory.	Barbara Soferr describes the conflict at Zichron Ya'acov over the German Christian acquisition of property.	Mendel Kohansky sees the Beersheba Theatre's production of Brecht's, Threepenny Opera.
Arthur Goldberg, chief draftsman of UN Resolution 242, elucidates some of its ambiguities.	Alex Berlyne takes a prejudiced look at some literary bloomers.	The Art Page. Meir Ronnen, Gil Goldfarb, and Ephraim Harris cover the Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and Haifa shows.
Imi Lichtenfeld demonstrates his close-combat techniques to photographer David Rubinger. Text by Lea Levavi.	Ephraim Kishon is compelled to rob a bank. A view from Nob by Moshe Kohn.	Martha Meisels goes to town on American fried chicken. Haim Shapiro invents some pasties.
Jack Maurice visits the Israel exhibit at the Paris air show.	The Book Section reviews include: an English series of Jewish history; a collection of useless information; a newspaperman's account of the Lebanese civil war; novels by Fred Uhlman, John Cleaver and Philippe van Ryndt; a book on archaeology by Magnus Magnusson.	Dry Bones sends up Charlie's Angels.

הסדרה ALIYAH & ABSORPTION INFORMATION COLUMN קליטה

Successful absorption is a key to increased aliyah. The Ministry of Immigrant Absorption and the Jewish Agency are presenting this column as part of a series of articles designed to provide olim with information in various fields: practical advice, reports on changes in regulations, employment and housing opportunities, and stories of olim now absorbed. It is obvious that the column will not be aimed at the same reader each time.

The column is written by a staff of freelance writers, most of them olim. The views they hold are their own.

We are hoping that enough interest in this effort will be generated to encourage reader response, which will allow us to tailor the content to demand. It is not our intention to receive and reply to specific complaints of olim, but we will select problems encountered as subjects for future articles.

JUNE IS KLITA MONTH

The Ministry of Immigrant Absorption has just begun its third annual Klita Month. This year's theme is "A Beautiful Israel — Absorbs Aliyah." Organized by the Ministry's Social Absorption Department, the events and theme were chosen to appeal to those olim who are often dissatisfied with the ecological and environmental quality of life in Israel — but are willing to do something about it. It was also felt that the mass media has presented the public with the sadder and sadder sides of Israel (crime and corruption) without giving equal time to the positive aspects of life in this country.

HOUSE CLEANING

Consequently, this year's Klita month has been designed to put the olim in greater contact with the beautiful side of Israel: beautiful people, successful industries, building, agriculture, scenic views etc. The programme has a two-

pronged approach: first, the Ministry is promoting joint projects for olim and veteran Israelis, whereby the two can work together to improve their environment. These projects will include cleaning, repairing and decorating neighbourhoods; trips; exhibitions; competitions and cultural events. Secondly, the Ministry plans to do its own housecleaning by holding a competition for the most outstanding branch office and worker in the Ministry. The competition is being conducted with the hope that it will promote better service for olim (home visits by case workers; greater initiative and ideas in solving absorption problems, etc). Furthermore, the Department of Social Absorption is holding a campaign to improve and beautify the physical structure of the Ministry's branch offices. The campaign organizers feel that more pleasant, aesthetic surroundings will lead to a greater air of cooperation

between workers and olim. The following events are among the highlights of this year's Klita month. Details regarding dates and places will be published in various newspapers and municipal bulletin boards.

1) An open photo competition for new olim and veteran Israelis on the subject "Absorption of Aliyah — People and Scenic Views in Israel." This event will include an exhibition in the Haifa Auditorium and distribution of prizes to the top 3 winners.

2) A drawing and art competition for olim children on the topic "Israel — My New Home" — which will include an exhibition in Beersheba and distribution of prizes to the winners.

3) Cleaning and decoration campaigns in olim and mixed neighbourhoods will take place in a variety of locations throughout Israel: e.g. Jerusalem, Acre, Tzfat, Haifa, Beersheba etc.

4) Outings to do volunteer work for the Israel Defence Forces, picnics throughout Israel including one grand one for Jerusalem residents.

5) Art exhibitions of olim artists will be held in Beersheba, Haifa, Jerusalem, Bat-Yam etc.

6) Cultural exchanges and folklore events: between olim and veteran Israelis to be held throughout Israel.

7) Musical events: a children's concert to be held in the Jaffa Conservatory as well as various municipal and neighbourhood concerts throughout Israel.

8) Trips and outings to various national, historic sites as well as to Nahal settlements, kibbutzim, moshavim, and military bases. (G.M.S.)

CAMPING IN ISRAEL

The whole camping experience can be as elegant or as simple as you wish. The basic needs are primarily intangibles — eagerness to explore new places and that all-important appetite for adventure.

If you were foresighted enough to bring a tent with you when you came on aliyah, nothing need be said about its value. If not, don't fret. It's not a catastrophe and it's a good idea to invest in one. At the current hotel rates, a tent pays for itself in one or two week-long camping trips. A rather nice-looking tent big enough to accommodate five to six people can be purchased for less than IL2,500. It has windows, a door and an awning that's quite useful for the welcome shade it provides. A less elaborate tent can be the same size but cost under IL2,000. Costs of air mattresses are nice but not vital. Sleeping bags are adequate. A folding table is nice as are folding chairs, but again, they are not absolutely necessary.

Let's stay elegant and plan family-style camping that includes cooked food rather than sandwiches and tins of tuna. Other than the tent, the second most expensive item is the cooking stove. A simple, one burner apparatus will cost about IL350, but that price includes the initial outlay for the all-important tank of gas. Once the tank has been purchased, the refills are only IL25-35 and furnish thirty hours of cooking time! One can cook a great many elaborate meals in thirty hours of actual gas usage. An ice box or picnic hamper is another worthwhile item. They cost IL180 to IL175. A lantern is a nice addition to your camping equipment, although not really necessary. A safe, long-lasting one can be found for IL350. The accompanying tank of gas costs IL85 and can be refilled for under IL20. The only other absolute necessity is a large jerry can or two for your water supply.

It's a good idea to have two because some of the choice camping sites do not have running water.

Even with your ice box, food that requires refrigeration stays cold only a day or two. After that, you must rely upon canned meats and sauces, plus fresh fruits and vegetables, eggs, rice and macaroni products. If you select a camp site near civilization, you have no problems. Eilat and its environs are perfect for sun, surf and supermarkets. But if you're deep in Sinai, you are advised to bring along a good supply of food. Naturally, the sweetest camp sites are those furthest away from civilization. Up and down the coast of the Gulf of Eilat are marvellous, primitive areas that make excellent camp sites. Two, in particular, are good starting points for novice campers...Nubea and Di Zahav. The northern most part of Nubea has several lovely spots where it's possible to pitch your tent in the centre of a cluster of palm trees. The nearest running water is at the gas station a few kilometres down the road. The nearest showers are beyond the gas station, the site of a more developed camp ground. Despite its primitive nature, the area is kept quite clean by the local tribe of Beduins.

If you think the south will be too hot for you during the time of year there are dozens of wooded nature reserves with camping facilities throughout the Gali and Judean Hills to help you cool off from the summer heat. Details and information can be obtained from most Government Tourist Offices and the Society for the Protection of Nature in Israel.

Once you've made up your mind all you have to do is pack up your gear, load your car, pick up a road map at the Government Tourist Office, and be on your way to gain an intimate knowledge of an exciting, albeit restful, part of Israel. (Y.H.)

MENACHEM BEGIN buttons were being sold in New York last Sunday. Youngsters were shouting, "Not one inch!" and "Settle the land," referring to Judea, Samaria and Gaza, areas that most of them had never seen. But there was an almost eerie feeling walking down the sidewalks of New York's Fifth Avenue as 300,000 people gathered to watch the annual "Salute to Israel" parade.

In addition to the supporters of Gush Emunim and other land of Israel activists who marched carrying placards with large maps of Israel showing its historic boundaries, there were thousands of former Israelis who had come to the parade, complete with baby strollers. Hebrew could be heard everywhere. Many seemed homesick as they heard familiar Hebrew tunes coming from the hundreds of different floats and marching bands slowly moving down the centre of the avenue.

(An almost endless number of Solomon Schechter Hebrew Schools seemed to be represented.)

These Israelis had come to "settle the land," but their new land was Forest Hills, Brooklyn and other enclaves in New York City, where approximately 200,000 Israelis have settled over the years. Their presence was felt at the parade, to the discomfort of the American supporters of Israel who themselves have so far declined to "settle the land."

"Are you planning on settling in Judea or Samaria?" a reporter asked one college student who was chanting, "Not one inch."

"Yes, of course," he quickly replied, but he said he wanted to finish his degree in social work first, and that would take "a few more years."

On top of everything else, the contingent representing American members of Hashomer Hatzair, the youth movement of the socialist Mapam, danced the hora down the street, dressed as kibbutzniks. Two of them walked ahead of the delegation with a large poster that included a map of Israel — with only its pre-1967 lines.

Middle-aged men urged passers-by to sign a petition calling upon the U.S. Government to move its embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. Thousands of names were collected. And every other Israel-related cause, ranging from the Maccabiah to Bank Hapoalim, was being peddled among the crowd.

THE PARADE, coming as it did against the backdrop of the recent Israeli elections, was a strange event, highlighting some of the quirks of American Jewish society, and the confusion resulting from the Likud victory.

To many of the New Yorkers who turned up at the parade, Begin has become a sort of hero. The Jewish "élite" in this country, including the so-called Jewish Establishment, may be worried about Begin and a Likud Government. But he seems genuinely popular among many average New York Jews, especially the working class, who find Begin's tough, no nonsense attitude towards the Arabs and Washington refreshing — something they can turn to with pride.

Begin is also popular with Israelis living in New York, many of whom say that they were forced to leave Israel because of intolerable living conditions created by successive Labour Governments. If there had been absentee balloting in the last elec-

tion — as there is in the U.S. — Likud and the Democratic Movement for Change would have won several more seats, because few Israelis now in the U.S. would have voted for Labour.

But the support for Begin that was apparent in New York last Sunday afternoon was missing a few hours later at the annual Israel Independence Ball at the Washington Hilton, where 1,150 of the capital's richest Jews joined top government officials to honour singer Frank Sinatra.

To some of these people, Begin was something of an embarrassment, because they have come to accept the media's characterization of him as a "fanatic," determined to hold on to captured Arab lands.

Carter Administration officials in attendance — unlike the other guests, they were not required to purchase a minimum \$3,500 worth of Israeli bonds in order to be invited — were more concerned about the expected turn to the right in Israeli politics.

One official lamented that this development could really prove "tragic," because it comes at a time when the Arab states are genuinely ready to make peace with Israel.

"Even Arafat is ready to accept Israel," he insisted. "What we need now is mutual acceptance: Israel recognizes the PLO and vice versa."

THE BEGIN victory has more than upset President Carter's hopes for a settlement of the Arab-Israeli conflict this year. The gap between Israel and the Arab states, already very wide with Labour in office, has grown as Likud spokesmen refuse to say whether or not the West Bank and the Gaza Strip are negotiable.

Sensing the confusion in the American Jewish leadership, which had grown accustomed to dealing with Labour leaders during the past 30 years, the State Department would like to see Begin's position moderated by pressure, not directly from the U.S. Government, but from Israel's best friends here, meaning the Jewish community and the Congress.

Carter upset Jews here the other day by suggesting at a press conference that Jewish Americans "who are very deeply interested" in this problem might moderate the policies of a Begin Government. "I think this might have an effect on him," the President said.

What worried Jewish leaders here was the fact that Carter was apparently seeking to create a split between Israel's elected leadership and American Jewry — a split that could be used to weaken Israel's negotiating position.

It was not the first time that the U.S. has seemed to be attempting such a thing. In 1957, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles called in a delegation of American Jewish leaders to urge them to persuade Israel to withdraw from Sinai. The Jewish leadership refused to do so, but U.S. Government pressure nevertheless forced Israel into withdrawing.

Two decades later, Kissinger also tried to enlist the support of prominent American Jewish leaders to persuade Israel into granting concessions during the negotiations leading to the Sinai interim agreement.

CARTER, Secretary of State Vance, National Security Adviser Brzezinski and other senior policy-makers here are now awaiting the outcome of the coalition negotiations in Israel before planning their next step. Assuming he is healthy and becomes Prime Minister, Begin will be invited to Washington for a meeting with the President. They will be anxious to establish a personal rapport, because both recognize that a bitter confrontation between Washington and Jerusalem is in neither country's best national interest. Nor is it in the interest of peace.

But American officials are already making it clear that peace cannot be achieved unless Israel comes around and agrees to negotiate a withdrawal from substantial parts of Judea, Samaria and Gaza. Begin has argued that such an Israeli withdrawal would not be in America's best interest, because it would invite Soviet penetration into this strategic region — on which a State Department source commented sarcastically: "Begin wants to save the U.S. in spite of herself."

He was parodying an article by former Under-Secretary of State George Ball in the April issue of *Foreign Affairs*, entitled, "How to save Israel in spite of herself."

Ball's thesis has aroused Israeli supporters here because it calls for a superpower-imposed settlement in the Middle East. This would be in Israel's best interest, Ball suggests, even though the Israeli Government and people may not realize this. It has also worried Israeli officials, because they recognize that there are a lot of "close George Balls" in the Administration, afraid to speak out because of the consequences. "At least George Ball has the courage to state his views publicly," one Israeli diplomat said.

The ironic thing is that Carter and Begin will probably try to convince each other that their respective positions are the best from the other country's standpoint.

At this stage, however, it seems likely that neither will succeed. Carter, having met with all the Arab leaders involved in the conflict, has let it be known that he accepts their "moderation" and desire for peace. He feels this is an historic opportunity to resolve the conflict once and for all, and he wants to take advantage of it.

THERE ARE precedents for such intense U.S. diplomacy. Every new President has attempted to come up with a formula for an Arab-Israeli settlement during his first term in office. Re-election time is four years off; Congressional elections are two years away. Things begin to look ripe.

But peace has proven elusive, because the Arabs have not agreed to budge from their own "not one inch" demands. And many experienced political observers here are quickly coming around to the conclusion that this year will prove to be no exception, despite Carter's plans.

It will probably come as a sharp disappointment to Carter, who is basing his hopes of foreign policy prestige largely on a Middle East breakthrough. As Kissinger recently commented: "Every new Administration comes into office believing that it has discovered the world. This one believes that it created it."

Carter's Middle East policies are proving to be a sharp disappointment to many American friends of Israel, who had expected the President to make a more sympathetic approach to the problem. One wealthy Midwestern Jewish activist in the Democratic Party, an early supporter of Carter during the campaign last year, is receiving angry telephone calls from some of those Jewish individuals whom he had solicited on Carter's behalf.

What is most upsetting is that Carter seems to be coming forward with an American blueprint for an Arab-Israeli settlement — something that he criticized repeatedly during the campaign. Some fear that this will result in a situation whereby Israel will become helplessly reliant on U.S. goodwill in order to survive.

One veteran Washington observer recalled the other day a speech delivered by James Schlesinger just over a year ago, before the annual policy conference of the American-Israeli Public Affairs Committee, which lobbies in Congress on behalf of legislation affecting Israel. At the time, Schlesinger was not in the Government, having been fired by Ford (today, he serves as Carter's Energy czar).

IN THAT SPEECH Schlesinger accused Ford and Kissinger of indulging in a policy that was leading to "the Vietnamization of Israel."

"Allies can sometimes appear to be inconvenient from the standpoint of American policy," he said. "But I think that we all recognize that Israel today is highly dependent on the U.S., far more dependent than it was expected to be by the Israelis after 1967. That degree of dependency puts the U.S. in a position in which it can force concessions. But it must be assured that any concessions, any demands, are just and equitable and lead to an ultimate settlement that is fair to both parties..."

"The point that most concerns (Continued on page 6)

Carter's new ball game

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ball game

(Continued from page 5)

me is the undermining of the basis of our support for the State of Israel. And that is reflected in parallel tactics that were employed in earlier times by us in our negotiations in South-East Asia. There has been a tendency to place the blame for the non-progress, the slow progress of negotiations, on Israel, to assert that stagnation is bad, that momentum and progress are good, and that failure to achieve momentum is a direct consequence of Israeli intransigence. The finger of blame has been pointed at Israel."

Carter himself blasted this Ford-Kissinger policy during the campaign, promising that he would never do such a thing. But his denials are becoming increasingly difficult to accept nowadays, as he impatiently seeks to score a foreign policy victory in the Middle East.

He has met with the Arab League and has come away impressed. He believes they are sincere in their desire for peace. His aides are letting reporters know that Begin will be expected to arrive in Washington with some concrete proposals for reconvening the Geneva Conference, removing some of the procedural obstacles in its way, and subsequently starting some hard bargaining with the other side.

THE BEGIN victory, which came as a surprise to the President, is not necessarily a negative development, some Administration officials state privately. But they quickly concede a sense of wishful thinking as they recall how a hardliner like Nixon made the first move with China, and how De Gaulle ended the conflict in Algeria.

"It's a totally new ball game," one U.S. official said. "We'd better get used to it."

For American Jews it's also a new ball game, which will take some time getting used to. New leaders in Israel — most of whom are not very well known here in America — will have to establish contacts. This will take time. Meanwhile, Israel could be facing some trying periods with Washington. Israel's public relations image might suffer. But the question remains: How will it end?

One thing that Carter and Begin have in common is their desire to avoid any more partial agreements, and to seek only a comprehensive settlement. The outgoing Labour Government, especially Defence Minister Shimon Peres, was convinced that an overall attempt would result in failure because of the wide gap separating the two sides. If anything, that gap has now widened, making a settlement much more difficult.

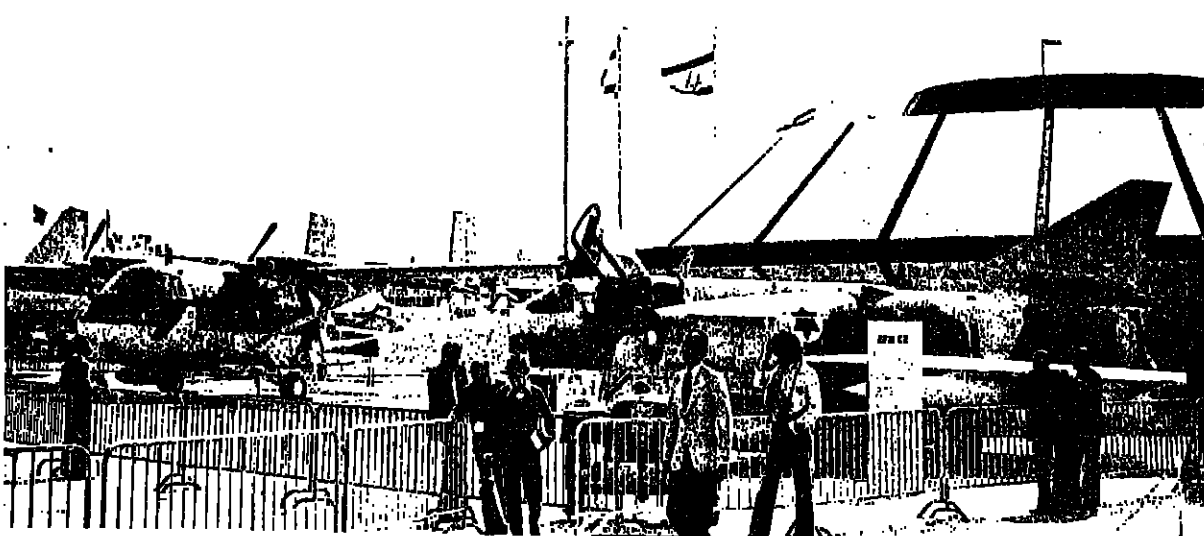
Carter is beginning — slowly — to realise this.

But expectations have already been raised, and it will be difficult for the President to back away from his Middle East initiative. The Arab states, especially the oil producers, can also be expected to keep up the pressure for diplomatic "momentum."

The Likud victory did not make Carter's effort any easier. He won't be wearing a Menahem Begin button. You can be sure of that. □

TAKING OFF AT LE BOURGET

Israel's aircraft manufacturers are up in the air over the success of their exhibits—the Kfir (above, left), Arava (right) and Westwind—at the current Le Bourget show. The Post's JACK MAURICE reports from Paris on the considerable interest in Israel's air achievements that has been apparent there.



IT RESEMBLES a flying saucer or the popular science-fiction image of an extra-terrestrial vehicle. It is attracting the crowds on a scale which Martian visitors could expect. But its occupants are Israelis. This is the Israeli pavilion at the Le Bourget air show.

Elkana Galli, director for external relations at Israel Aircraft Industries, is still recovering from his surprise at the warm welcome which Israeli hardware is receiving here. He told me: "Before coming to Paris, we sent out 6,000 invitations to people all over the world to come and visit us here. We chose them from industry, government and big and not-so-big business. Well, not only have most of our invited guests turned up to see us, but many newcomers as well."

The Israeli Kfir-C2 multi-mission combat aircraft, making its first appearance outside the Middle East, is the unchallenged star of the show. But I.A.I. and other Israeli manufacturers are displaying a whole range of aircraft, including new models of the Arava and Westwind, gunboats, missiles and other equipment.

The Le Bourget show, which is being held for the 38th time, is scheduled every two years. It is the world's biggest marketplace for aircraft, far outranking its rivals, the British air mart at Farnborough and West Germany's Hanover exhibition. It came back this summer with over 900 exhibitors and 280 aeroplanes from 20 countries.

I.A.I.'s president, Al Schwimmer, is heading an impressive team of specialists who have a carefully planned routine for handling customers. The first meeting is conducted over a drink at the bar of the Israeli pavilion.

Then, when serious interest has been established, discussions are switched to one of eight private meeting-rooms upstairs. When the participants feel like a breather, they can move up to the pavilion's third floor where a watch-tower provides a vista of all the aircraft on display on the ground or in the air.

Elkana Galli explains: "A manufacturer rarely pulls off a deal at the Le Bourget show. People come here to find out what you have to sell. You make contact with would-be buyers whom you have never met before. They want to see the product and they want to compare prices. They are often the sort of people who would never think of coming to Israel to visit our factories."

"These contacts can be priceless. The President of an American charter company saw the Westwind at Le Bourget four years ago. He came back to the next show in 1975 and ordered four aircraft."

Galli adds: "Le Bourget is also an excellent occasion for concluding contracts which we have been negotiating elsewhere."

The Israeli pavilion has the hum and bustle of a beehive in contrast with many of its neighbours which, although displaying the names of world-famous manufacturers, bear a stronger resemblance to a cemetery.

A leading international aviation journalist remarked here the other day: "A few years ago, you were considered a nobody if Rolls-Royce did not invite you to their reception at Le Bourget. This year, about 50 people turned up for the Rolls party while 700 came for a drink and chat with I.A.I. Now Israel is trying to persuade Israeli Aircraft Industries have become the 'in' people."

The Kfir is not going to save the

State of Israel, but it is certainly in a position to make a substantial contribution," says Al Schwimmer. Visitors here watch with awe and admiration as the company's chief test pilot, Colonel Danny Shapira, shows off its capabilities during demonstration flights twice a day.

Serge Dassault, president of the Le Bourget show and son of veteran French aircraft manufacturer Marcel Dassault, comments acidly: "There's a lot of interest in this Israeli aircraft which bears a curious resemblance to the Mirage made in my father's factories."

Indeed, I.A.I. used the basic Mirage design, but introduced hundreds of major modifications, boosting Kfir's top speed to over mach 2.3 by giving it a General Electric J-79 power plant instead of the weaker French Snecma Atar.

Talking to Israeli aviation salesmen here, you can sense the emphasis that the company is putting on exports in order to survive. The U.S. recently frustrated the first major export prospect for the Kfir, a sale to Ecuador. This deal, involving 24 aircraft, was potentially worth \$40m. From this sum, \$40m. would have gone straight back to the U.S. in payment for the engines.

The official American excuse for the veto was that the U.S. did not want to see "sophisticated weapons" introduced in Ecuador. But the Israelis clearly feel that the decision was founded on more doubtful political logic.

Soviet-equipped Peru was delighted with the ban on Kfir sales to neighbouring Ecuador. Now Israel is trying to persuade Austria to patrol its airspace — which is increasingly attracting trespassers — with the Kfir.

Israel's rivals for the Austrian order are the Dassault F.1 and Swedish Saab Viggen. Once again, the decision will be determined as much by political considerations as by the quality of the hardware tendered.

Schwimmer says: "We think we have a few million dollars' worth of export market for the Kfir over the next five years or so, barring a repeat of recent problems. But if we do not export the aircraft, we could lose a few thousand jobs."

ALSO ATTRACTING interest here is I.A.I.'s 1124 Westwind business jet. The makers proudly show off the spacious cabin for up to eight passengers and invite visitors to listen to the quiet Garrett TFE 731-3 turbofan engines. Westwind is hailed as the only available "bizjet" that can carry a full load of passengers, baggage and fuel across the Atlantic from London to Gander.

Between two and three Westwinds are rolling off I.A.I.'s line at Lod every month. Including those now in final assembly, over 30 Westwinds have been completed, with about 15 more in various stages of assembly. It has now been revealed that the Israel Navy is using three Westwinds for patrols.

ISRAEL'S ARAVA is eliciting a host of enquiries from buyers interested in an economic alternative to helicopters, medium transport and light liaison aircraft. The Arava 201 offers short take-off and landing potential and can carry 24 lightly armed troops or over two tons of cargo. It can drop 17 paratroopers at a time. To date, more than 50 have been delivered to the Latin American market.

The experts are particularly interested in the addition of winglets to the Arava. Unlike those developed in the U.S. with the aim of reducing drag at high subsonic speeds, the I.A.I. invention is designed to improve climb performance. This is the first time winglets have been applied to a STOL (short take-off and landing) aircraft.

Memories of the Israel Navy's daredevil dash with the French-built gunboats impounded at Cherbourg naval yard are evoked by the presence here of Dvora, an Israeli high-speed craft manned by a crew of only eight to 10. Dvora is under 22 metres long and has a top speed of 36 knots, with exceptional standards of manoeuvrability and fire power. Built at Beersheba, the world's only desert shipyard, it is the world's smallest missile boat.

Dvora is armed with the combat-proven Gabriel I and II shipborne surface-to-surface missiles. The Yom Kippur War showed their capability; the hit probability of Gabriel is put at a creditable 80 per cent, bearing in mind that the missile is the only sea-skimmer outside Soviet systems to have seen live action. Its price is attractive: about half the \$1m. which France charges for its Exocet system.

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UNITED NATIONS resolutions, particularly in recent times, are more honoured in the breach than in the observance. None the less, there are several reasons why Resolution 242, unanimously adopted by the UN Security Council on November 22, 1967, may prove to be the framework for the settlement of the Middle East impasse.

Resolution 242 was confirmed by Resolution 338 of the Security Council, sponsored by the United States and the Soviet Union, calling upon the parties concerned for "the implementation of Security Council Resolution 242 (1967) in all of its parts."

Resolution 242 has been "accepted" by Israel, Egypt, Jordan and, by implication, Syria, through its endorsement of Resolution 838, although their respective interpretations of it differ widely. It is the only substantive resolution (excluding calls for a cease-fire) relating to the Middle East accepted both by the parties and the Security Council since the Six Day War, and virtually even before. And, despite recurring threats by both sides to repudiate it, their acceptances have never been withdrawn.

In spite of pejorative expressions and resolutions in recent times by the General Assembly and other organs generally critical of Israel, and a resolution proposed to the Security Council but vetoed by the U.S. seeking to reinterpret 242, it continues to command the support of the great powers, the U.S. and the Soviet Union. It is true that the People's Republic of China has condemned it, but that opposition appears a matter more of propaganda than of deep-felt opposition to its terms.

RESOLUTION 242 is a carefully — some would say artfully — drafted set of guidelines designed to assist the parties to achieve a peaceful and accepted settlement. It states its goal as the establishment of a just and lasting peace in which every state in the area can live in security.

Both expressly and by implication, it repudiates the concept of an imposed peace and opts for "agreement" — an "accepted settlement" by and between the parties. The intention is that the experience of the 1957 collapse of the imposed settlement, following the 1956 Sinai War, should not be repeated.

The resolution rejects in the most explicit terms the long-asserted claim of the Arab countries of the existence of a state of belligerency against Israel. It recognizes that belligerency cannot coexist with peace.

It calls for respect and acknowledgment of the sovereignty of every state in the area. Since Israel never denied the sovereignty of its neighbouring countries, this language obviously requires those countries to acknowledge Israel's sovereignty.

The legislative history of 242, as reflected in the debates and votes in the Security Council and in the General Assembly's special session in 1967, shows that there was little support in the UN community at the time for the view that, after two decades, Israel's very existence could be denied by its Arab neighbours.

IN DEALING with the withdrawal of Israel's forces, the resolution does not explicitly require that Israel withdraw to the lines occupied by it on June 5, 1967, before the outbreak of the war. The Arab states urged such language; the Soviet Union proposed this to the

Security Council in June, 1967, as did Yugoslavia and some other nations to the General Assembly's subsequent special session. But that proposal did not receive the requisite support in either body.

Indeed, 242 simply endorses the principle of "withdrawal of Israel's armed forces from territories occupied in the recent conflict," and interrelates this with the principle that every state in the area is entitled to live in peace within "secure and recognized boundaries."

In light of Arab unwillingness to acknowledge Israel's right to sovereign existence, this language, though speaking in terms of all states, is designed primarily to assure Israel's right to secure boundaries recognized by its Arab neighbours.

The notable omissions in regard to withdrawal are the words *the* and *all* and the *June 5, 1967, lines*. (I am quoting from the English text. The French and Russian texts differ, but it was the English text that was voted upon at the Security Council meeting on November 22, when Resolution 242 was adopted.) In other words, there is lacking a declaration requiring Israel to withdraw from *the* or *all* the territories occupied by it on and after June 5, 1967. Rather, the resolution speaks of withdrawal from occupied territories, without defining the extent of withdrawal, except that it is clear from the debates that less than total withdrawal is contemplated on all fronts. And the notable presence of the words "secure and recognized boundaries" by implication contemplates that the parties could make territorial adjustments in their peace settlement, encompassing less than a complete withdrawal of Israeli forces from occupied territories.

THE ARAB NATIONS, to buttress their claim that 242 calls for a complete Israeli withdrawal, say this interpretation of the resolution's withdrawal language is overly restrictive. They point to the resolution's emphasis on "the inadmissibility of the acquisition of territory by war." This language, the Arab states argue, calls in effect for complete withdrawal of Israeli forces from all of the territories occupied by them in the Six Day War. Further, they contend that the UN Charter itself supports, in spirit, their contention that military conquest of territory is inadmissible.

It is passing strange that the concept of the inadmissibility of acquisition of territory by war is insisted and relied upon by the Arab states. They themselves acquired territory as a consequence of the 1948 war, contrary to the UN Partition Resolution. The Israelis also acquired additional territory in the aftermath of that war, which they justify on the basis that they were willing to abide by the partition lines but were forced to war and acquired territory as a result of the attack upon them by the Arab states.

More surprising is the Soviet support of the principle of the inadmissibility of territorial acquisition by war. The Soviet Union holds in its firm grasp territory acquired in recent times by war from Finland, Poland, Rumania, Japan and other states. Even the U.S., some time ago, acquired territory by war from Mexico and Spain, and numerous other examples involving many nations could be cited.

THE RESOLUTION speaks of "respect and acknowledgment of the territorial integrity of

President Jimmy Carter's recent public statements on a Palestinian "homeland" on Israel's future borders, together with his watered-down concept of "peace" have caused concern in Jerusalem. Yet he has also reaffirmed U.S. allegiance to UN Resolutions 242 and 338 as the framework for an Israel-Arab peace settlement. In the past, the U.S. has consistently resisted Arab-inspired attempts to revise and reinterpret 242. ARTHUR J. GOLDBERG, former U.S. Ambassador to the UN and the moving spirit behind the drafting and adoption of the resolution, takes another look at 242, endorsed by the later 338, which he regards as the only substantive formula for a settlement acceptable to both Israel and the Arabs.

THE MEANING OF 242



The Security Council voting in favour of 242: (left to right) Vasily V. Kuznetsov, First Deputy Foreign Minister of the USSR; Lord Caradon, Permanent Representative of the UK; and the U.S.'s Arthur J. Goldberg. (United Nations photo)

every state in the area." This, too, is much relied upon in support of the demand for complete withdrawal of Israeli forces from all of the Arab territories. It is rather ironic that, for many years, it was the Israelis who sought respect for their territorial integrity, which was denied them by the Arab states.

But the territorial language of the resolution is part of, and qualified by, language in the same sentence declaring the right of all states "to live within secure and recognized boundaries free

from threats and acts of force." The secure and recognized boundaries language, the legislative history shows, represents a major concession to Israel which found the armistice lines often violated and insecure.

The logic of coupling the territorial and secure boundaries concepts is that both territorial integrity and secure and recognized boundaries are to be reconciled in the give and take of negotiations between Israel and the Arab States, culminating in peace agreements.

The most that can be said of the withdrawal and related language of Resolution 242, in light of its legislative history, is that it neither commands nor prohibits territorial adjustments in the contemplated peace agreement, although it "tilts" in favour of adjustments to ensure secure boundaries for Israel.

This is not to say that the resolution contemplates a complete redrawing of the map of the Middle East, but neither does it insist upon only "minor border rectifications." Further, the

withdrawal language would seem to indicate that its patent aim is to achieve a peaceful settlement, and the differing interpretations of the parties, can only be resolved by an accepted and agreed settlement concluded after negotiations between the parties.

ON CERTAIN other aspects, the resolution is less ambiguous. It specifically deals with free passage through international waterways. In precise language, it affirms "the necessity for guaranteeing freedom of navigation through international waterways in the area." This language demonstrates the lack of sympathy of the powers, big and small, for such interference.

With an end of belligerency, no good reason would exist under international law for denial to Israel of access to the Suez Canal and, particularly, to the Straits of Tiran — whose closure by President Nasser of Egypt was universally recognized to be a *casus belli*. The resolution would similarly preclude a blockage of the Red Sea.

The resolution refers to the "inadmissibility of demilitarized zones" as ensuring peace and guaranteeing territorial inviolability. The notion of those zones is left, obviously, to the parties to negotiate.

By design, all the foregoing sections of the resolution are and as a preamble, as principles or guidelines for a peace agreement. The only truly operative parts are the paragraphs requiring the Secretary General "to designate a Special Representative to proceed to the Middle East to establish and maintain contacts with the states concerned in order to promote agreement and assist efforts to achieve a peaceful and accepted settlement in accordance with the provisions and principles in this resolution," and requesting the Secretary General to report on the Special Representative's progress.

These paragraphs strongly support the view, which I have already expressed, that a peace settlement is not to be imposed and that the resolution is not self-implementing. In fact, it is impossible to see how the resolution, in light of its terms, can be self-implementing. Rather, its plain meaning is that with third party assistance, the parties are to negotiate and to agree upon an acceptable settlement, peace and peace agreements.

A notable and intentional omission is any specific reference to the status of Jerusalem, and its failure to reaffirm past UN resolutions for the internationalization of the city. Resolution 242 thus realistically recognizes the desuetude of the internationalization resolutions and leaves open the possibility of an agreement upon a unitary Jerusalem under Israeli jurisdiction, with some special status for the Arab states with regard to Moslem holy places. Further, the interest of Christians in their holy places would, of course, have to be recognized and safeguarded.

Another notable omission is any reference to the Palestine Liberation Organization, or to a Palestinian state on the West Bank. The resolution speaks in terms of "achieving a just settlement of the refugee problem." Of course, everyone now recognizes that the problem of "the Palestinians" will have to be dealt with in a final settlement.

WHY, THEN, did the Arab states accept Resolution 242, and why do

they still profess acceptance of it? Why did Israel accept, and why does it still adhere to its acceptance?

Having been rebuffed both in the Security Council and in the Assembly, the Arab states belatedly came to the conclusion that the language of the resolution was the best they could hope for from the UN. They obviously counted on the ambiguities to permit them to assert their own interpretation. They also relied heavily upon major Soviet support, both diplomatically and militarily. Further, they conceived that the passage of time would erode the support for Israel of the U.S. and like-minded states.

To a certain extent, Arab calculations have been realized. World opinion overwhelmingly supportive of Israel as the "underdog" at the time of the 1967 war has, in some degree, shifted to a measure of sympathy for the defeated and now "underdog" Arab states. Some countries have watered down their earlier support of the resolution's principles — witness a resolution proposed to the Security Council in 1974 and vetoed by the U.S., which sought to reinterpret 242, although purporting to adhere to it. Witness also the abject attitudes of many nations to the Arab oil "blackmail."

The Israelis accepted Resolution 242, interestingly enough, for some of the same reasons as their Arab antagonists. It was the best they could hope to get from the UN under the given circumstances. They were rightly fearful that their diplomatic support would erode if they proved intransigent.

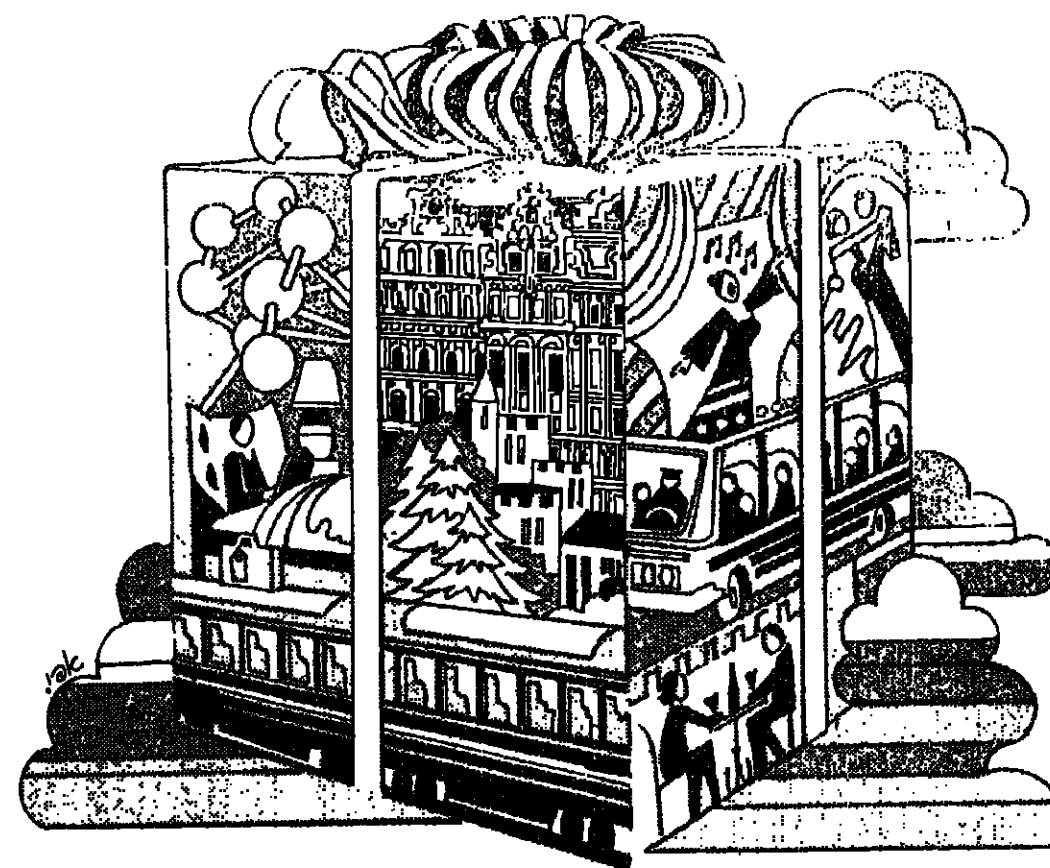
Like the Arab states, the Israelis concluded that the resolution's ambiguities permitted them to assert their own interpretation of it. The Israelis were also unwilling to provoke the Soviets unduly, fearing greater involvement by them in the area — a fear justified by recent events.

Most important, Israel, rightly or wrongly, recognized the danger of alienating the U.S. Government and American public opinion by an overly inflexible position in light of Israel's need for military hardware and economic assistance, which have been forthcoming.

DESPITE the passage of time since the adoption of Resolution 242 and the 1973 war and, perhaps, because of these events, I adhere to the view that the resolution does provide the basis for a peaceful and accepted settlement between the parties, provided they will come to share the will and courage to achieve a just and lasting peace. Perhaps my "optimism" is based on the fact that the resolution gives something to both sides.

I do not, however, wish to minimize the difficulties in achieving a peace agreement. Only strong and secure leaders, buttressed by popular support, can consummate a peace settlement; for peace, if it is to be lasting, necessarily involves compromise and political risks.

My ultimate conclusion is that peace in the Middle East is not at hand, but that it is ultimately achievable on the basis of the guidelines set forth in Resolution 242. This assumes that there is a shared desire for peace and a realistic approach to the negotiations, either under U.S. auspices or at Geneva, by both the adversary parties and the superpowers. This is a very large assumption. Whether it is a warranted one, we shall see. □



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NO HOLDS BARRED

For over 30 years, Imi Lichtenfeld has been teaching his own system of close combat to soldiers and civilians in this country. He recently demonstrated some of his kicking and punching techniques to Post photographer DAVID RUBINGER. Text by LEA LEVAVI.



ALL OF ISRAEL'S generals took a few kicks and punches from Rav Samal Rishon (Warrant Officer) Imi Lichtenfeld on their way up. Today, at 87, Lichtenfeld is, of course, retired from active army service; but he is still actively kicking and punching as a teacher of close combat and author of training manuals for the army.

Lichtenfeld (who is better known by this name than by its Hebraized form, Sdeor), could have become an officer in the army but said he was ashamed because of his poor Hebrew. He was too restless to sit in Hebrew classes, having more important things to do.

His interest in close combat was inherited from his father, who had been Inspector-General of Police in the Austro-Hungarian empire and later in Czechoslovakia. By age 19, Imi had won boxing and wrestling championships throughout Europe. He came to Israel in 1942, joined the Hagana in 1944 and has been training people in the military applications of close combat techniques (as well as teaching close combat to civilians) ever since. According to him, the Israeli police make little use of close combat and give their men less than eight hours of training in it.

But what is close combat? "When you talk about judo or karate, it's like talking about the infantry or the tank corps. I'm talking about the whole army." What Lichtenfeld means is that he does not teach one particular school of self-defense or attack. "People got beaten up and stabbed long before anyone made up separate fields with fancy

names."

He has tried instead to develop a full system, including many alternative ways of meeting the same situation from which his pupils can select the one best suited to the circumstances. There are, for example, seven possible defenses against someone about to stab you.

Not only don't you know in advance who your opponent is going to be, he said, but you also don't know what will be suitable for you tomorrow. Recently, he asked some students to "attack" him so that he could teach them a new manoeuvre. But when he wanted to review the exercise the following day, he unwittingly responded to the attack in a slightly different way.

"There are some things I don't teach at all in my system, such as karate," he said. "I have great respect for people who know karate well and it is a very useful art if your opponent is also using karate. But in karate you have to get close to your opponent in order to hit him and if he is doing something other than karate he may either run away, or kill you before you can give him a karate chop."

IN ADDITION to giving some lessons to army trainers, and writing a second book on his system for the army, Imi Lichtenfeld teaches at the Wingate Institute and elsewhere, mostly instructing trainers who in turn pass his system on to their pupils.

Some of his students teach teenage civilians who at first see no reason to learn about things

such as how to protect oneself against being stabbed.

"What do I need all this knife-shmife stuff for?" was the way one boy put it. Imi told him you usually don't need close combat but if the one occasion arises when you might need it, you'll wish you had learned it in advance.

The boy was sceptical, but a few years later he returned to Israel and thanked him. While in a foreign country, he had been attacked in a back alley by two men with knives and the "knife shmife stuff" saved his life.

But Lichtenfeld sees close combat not only as a way to save one's skin but also as an educational tool. Recently, a teenager came roaring up to Wingate on his motorcycle and said he wanted to learn close combat. Lichtenfeld turned him over to one of his pupil/trainers. The trainer looked much smaller and weaker than the new pupil, who contemptuously called him a "little boy."

Lichtenfeld told the new pupil to take the "little boy's" hand and hold it as tightly as he could. With one small movement, the trainer cut loose his pupil's hold. The youngster was mortified and, Imi Lichtenfeld believes, learned an important lesson — that strength is important but knowledge is no less so.


"I also train my students to use what they know only as far as it is needed. Don't kill your opponent if your purpose is served by throwing him off you or knocking him out cold. And if you do kill him, don't break his hand afterwards, just because you can do it...I think that is a type of value education, too." □





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RAMA Tel. 721912
7.15, 9.30
WONDER WOMEN
Adults only

Herzliya

DAVID Tel. 984021
7.15, 9.15
COURS APRES MOI... QUI JE T'ATTIRE
ANNIE GIRARDOT
JEAN PIERRE MARTELLE
Wed. at 4.30
EIN MANN GEH DURCH DIE WANDT

TIFERTI Tel. 987800
MEL BROOKS
SILENT MOVIE
7, 9.15

Jerusalem Cinemas
Commencing Saturday, June 11, 1977

ARNON Tel. 224829
3rd week
AUNT CLARA
Israel film
HANNA MARRON
SHMUEL RODENSKY

EDEN Tel. 223829
DEAN MARTIN
Mr. RICCO

EDISON Tel. 224056
Starting 11.47
Saturday 7.30-9.15
Weekdays 4-7-9
A great Turkish dramatic
love story
UTANO
with
FUSIE AKIN
KATIE EVANET
In Colour

HABIRAH Tel. 252860
JOHN WAYNE
KATHERINE HEPBURN
THE LADY AND THE SHERIFF

JERUSALEM
7, 9.15
MARATHON
FRANK
AUNT CLARA

MITCHELL
6th week
6.45, 9.15
PETER SINCH
FAYE DUNAWAY
NETWORK

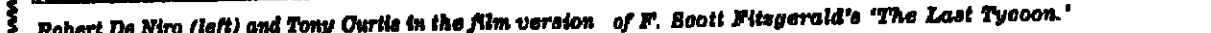
ORGIL Tel. 234176
WALTER MATHAU
TATUM O'NEIL
THE BAD NEWS BEARS

ORNA Tel. 224738
5th and last week
PAUL NEWMAN
ANN BARNHART
LILA MINNELLA
in Mel Brooks'
SILENT MOVIE

ORION Tel. 229514
4-6.30-9
SOPHIA LOREN
BICHARD JARRELS
EVA GARDNER
The Cassandra Crossing

RON Tel. 234704
MARGOT BEMINGWAY
LIPSTICK

SEMAPAR
7.15, 9.15
THE STORY OF AUNT CLARA
AUNT CLARA



AUNT CLARA — Some of Israel's best known actors star in this comedy about an East European Jewish immigrant family. Has all the right ingredients but just miscs.

THE BAD NEWS BEARS — Walter Matthau plays a coach who drinks incessantly and Tatum O'Neil a pitcher. Directed by Michael Ritchie.

BLUFF — A frolicsome tale of two Italian confidence tricksters, set in the 1930s. Adriano Celentano ("Yuppi du") gyrates his way through some ingenious trickery and a little film looks out of place in this lightweight, nonsensical comedy. Capucine is the owner of a gambling den. Well dubbed in English.

G.A.S.H. — Elliot Gould turns from a guinea pig for chemical warfare experiments into a mastermind, using the knowledge he ac-

THE GAMBANO DA CROSSING — A train carrying Sophia Loren, Richard Harris, Ave Gardner, Lee Strasberg, Martin Sheen and contagious disease is diverted to a rickety bridge in Poland by Burt Lancaster and Dr. Ingrid Thulin. Director George Panamonte takes us for a tension-filled multi-million-dollar ride.

COURS APRES MOI... QUE JE T'ATTENDS — Jacqueline, who runs a heavy suit for dogs and Paul, a tax collector, meet through a newspaper advertisement. The acting is superb and carries you convincingly into their private world. A tender and humorous film. English subtitles.

THE DIRTY DOZEN — Re-lens of the action-packed film in which a dozen tough American criminals are sent on a mission to decapitate Europe.

THE ENFORCERS — Dirty Harry returns. Rutheus Romiche plays Clint Eastwood shoots his way through San Francisco to find and execute killer gang. Plenty of violence and excitement.

FUN WITH DICK AND JANE — A you out with middle-class couple take to bank robbing in order to make ends meet. Sgt. George Segal and Jane Fonda.

THE INCREDIBLE SARAH — Free-travel of the early life of famous French actress Sarah Bernhardt. Lavish settings, known cast, and an overpowering G. Jackson.

(Continued on page 10)

Commencing Saturday, June 11, 1917

AMPHITHEATRE

MR. BILLION
TERENCE HILL
in a thriller full of love
Perfs. 4, 6.45, 9

ARMON Tel. 604438
Academy award winner
LOGAN'S RUN
with
MICHAEL YORK
JENNY AOUTTER and
PETER USTIMOV
Perfs. 4, 6.45, 9

ATZMON
2nd week
RAYE DUNAWAY
MAX VON SYDOW
MALCOLM MCDOWELL
OSCAR WERNEKE
in an unforgettable film
**VOYAGE OF
THE DAMNED**
perfs. 4.00, 6.30, 9.00
hall airconditioned

CHEN Tel. 666272
2nd week
**TWO MINUTE
WARNING**
with
CHARLTON HESTON and
JOHN CASSAVETES
Perfs. 4, 6.45, 9

MIRON Tel. 685008
**INTIMATE
TOUCHES**
for adults only
six non-stop perfs. daily

MORIAH Tel. 242477
18th week
**OPERATION
THUNDERBOLT**
Perfs. 6.45, 9.00

ORAH Tel. 604127
JANE FONDA and
GEORGE SEGAL
in a hilarious comedy
**FUN WITH DICK
AND JANE**
Daily at 4, 6.45, 9

ORION Tel. 633939
A sex film you all want
to see
CHRISTINE
For adults only

ORLY Tel. 911660
3rd week
DIANA DORR is
MAHOGANY
Perfs. 6.45, 9

PEER Tel. 663883
8th week
best picture of the year
winner of 4 Academy awards
NETWORK
FAYE DUNAWAY
WILLIAM HOLDEN
PETER FINCH
ROBERT DUVALL
no compl. tickets
owing to length
Perfs. 4.00, 6.30, 9.00

RON Tel. 698080
**WALKING TALL,
PART 2**
with
BO SWENSON and
RICHARD TEXELL
Perfs. 4, 6.45, 9

SHAVIT Tel. 583546
BARBARA STEINBAND is
A STAR IS BORN
Perfs. 6.45, 9.15
no perfs. Sat and Sun. at 6.15

Communicating Saturday, June 11, 1977

AERON Tel. 2248329
3rd week
AUNT CLARA
Israel film
HANNA MARRON
SHMUEL RODENSKY

EDEN Tel. 2238299
DEAN MARTIN
Mr. RICCO

EDISON Tel. 224056
Starting 11.4.77
Saturday 7.30-9.15
Wednesday 4-7-9
A great Turkish dramatic
love story
UTANO
with
WILLY AKIN
KADIE INANIR
In Colour

HABIRAH Tel. 2232860
JOHN WAYNE
KATHERINE HEPBURN
THE LADY AND
THE SHERIFF

JERUSALEM
7. 9.15
MARATHON
FRANK

MITCHELL
6th week
8.45, 9.15
PETER SINCH
FAYE DUNAWAY
NETWORK

ORGL Tel. 284176
WALTER MATHAU
TATUM O'NEIL
THE BAD NEWS
BEARS

ORNA Tel. 2247383
5th and last week
PAUL NEWMAN
ANN BANCROFT
LISA MINELLI
in Mel Brooks'
SILENT MOVIE

ORION Tel. 2292014
4-6.30-9
SOPHIA LOREN
RICHARD HAREIS
EVA GARDNER
The Cassandra
Crossing

RON Tel. 284704
MARGOT HEMINGWAY
LIPSTICK

SEMAPAR
7.15, 9.15
THE STORY OF
ARTHUR H.

Saturday, June 18, 1977 at 8 p.m.

Choice of Russian Appetisers

- ★
Borscht
★
Kiev Chicken
(with side dishes)
★
Piroshki
★
Fruit compote, fresh fruit
★
Vodka, wine, beverages

on Mt. Canaan, in Safad

**Special Prices until July 24:
5 days in the hotel for
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Music for dancing**

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BETTER RESULTS

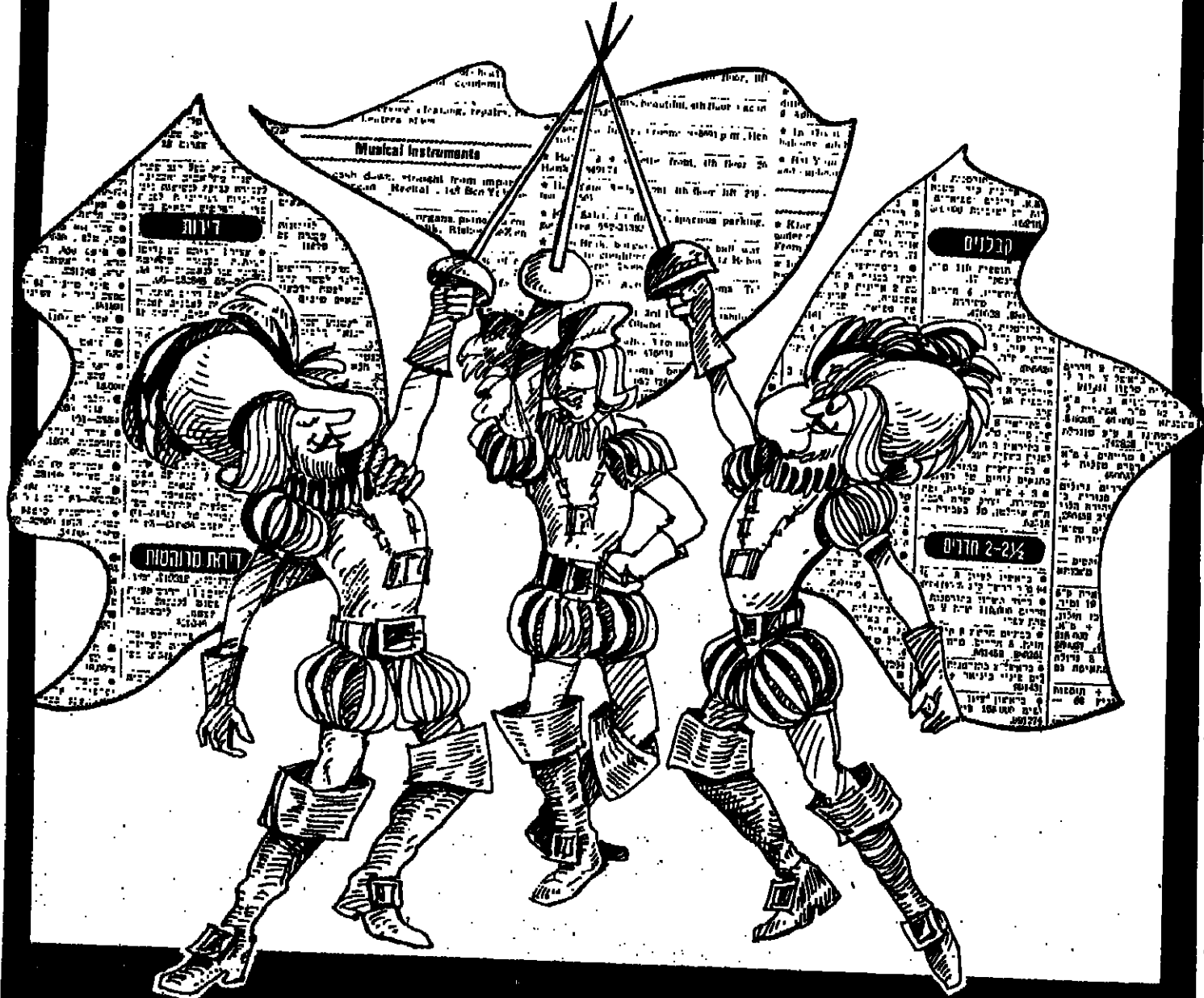
הלוו הכפול **הלוו הכפול**

וידעו את דעתו **וידעו את דעתו**

IN COOPERATION WITH **THE JERUSALEM POST** BIGGEST, MORE WIDELY READ, MORE EFFICIENT.

Classified advertisements for publication on Friday in Hebrew and English can be handed in any day to any approved advertising agency or directly to an office of Hahuah Hakaful, so as to reach the main office of Hahuah Hakaful by the Wednesday evening preceding publication.

All advertisements so handed in will be translated into English and will appear on Friday in The Jerusalem Post, in addition to publication in Yediot Aharonot and Haaretz!!



THE MIGHTY COMBINATION

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FILMS IN BRIEF

(Continued from page 1)

THE LAST TYCOON — F. Scott Fitzgerald's last novel about movie boy-wonder mogul Irving Thalberg (Robert De Niro) and his explicable romance with a young girl, set in 1930's Hollywood. Full of Harold Pinter pauses, Ella Kazan directorial cautions, Tony Curtis and Jeanne Moreau with mustache and lipstick.

LIPSTICK — About a photographic model (Margaux Hemingway) who is beaten and raped by her sister's (sister Mariel) music teacher, the subsequent trial where the rapist is let off, and the consequences. Poor script and the only really decent acting comes from Anne Bancroft as the prosecutor.

LOGAN'S RUN — Futurist film set in the 23rd century in a huge domed city. With Peter Ustinov. Director Michael Anderson.

MAHOGANY — Purile film about the rise to fame and fortune as fashion model and designer of a girl from Chicago's black ghetto. With Diana Ross, Anthony Quinn, Billy Dee Williams and Jean-Pierre Aumont. Billy script and crude direction don't give out much of a chance.

MARATHON MAN — A Jewish student in New York gets entangled in financial and political intrigue centring around a former concentration camp commander. Adapted by William Goldman from his own best-selling book. Directed by John Schlesinger.

MURDER ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS — Agatha Christie's 1934 whodunit makes a highly entertaining picture sumptuously presented in the manner of its period with Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot, famous Belgian sleuth. With a stunning cast of passengers on the train. Sidney Lumet directs.

NASHVILLE — Dazzling country-western musical in which Nashville represents another Hollywood. Robert Altman, who produced and directed the film, focuses on both the positive and the negative aspects of the American Dream — the obsession with materialism and celebrity beneath the glittering surface.

NETWORK — Examines TV's ability to influence and brainwash while depicting people struggling for power in running a major American network. Involved in TV politics are Peter Finch, who portrays a news anchor, Fay Dunaway, a top executive, and Robert Duvall, a top network officer.

OPERATION THUNDERBOLT — The Israeli-made film of the Entebbe rescue mission directed by Menahem Golan. This one stars real Israelis including some familiar Cabinet faces. Fast paced and more convincing than the previous versions.

PROFESSION: REPORTER (THE PASSENGER) — Antonioni's latest film of a man's quest for a new identity in partly a study in alienation and partly a suspense story.

SEVEN BEAUTIES — Lina Wertmüller has created devastating, deathly funny, haunting Brechtian images of man's will to survive in spite of utter degradation. Glorious Giamini. Nonpoltan murder, sexual submission to gargantuan camp commandant Shirley Stoler.

SI C'ETAIT A REPAIRE — (Second Chance). Catherine Deneuve conceives a son in prison and unites with him 14 years later. He takes up with Anouk Aimee, her former cell-mate aged 40, and she gets her son's history teacher. Claude Le Louch's 20th film is a sunset pink in rosy French.

SILENT MOVIE — Truly silent, not a word spoken in this hysterical comedy directed by Mel Brooks who also stars as a director trying to make a silent movie in Hollywood. Mad goes on with his buddies Marty Feldman and Dom DeLuise.

A STAR IS BORN — Rock version of the Hollywood classic with Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson as the superstars.

ST. IVES — Thriller set in Los Angeles, with Charles Bronson in the title role.

STRETCHER DRILL — Israeli film by director Javi Neuman portrays the training process of paratroop recruits in the initial period of army service.

LA TETE DE NORMANDE ST. ONGE — French-Canadian, Brechtian, horror show, with a circus of misfits holding each other's wounds in a condemned house. There is one particularly explicit sex scene.

TWO-MINUTE WARNING — A sniper takes aim in Los Angeles Coliseum where 50,000 fans are gathered to watch a football game. While the police discuss what's to be done the shooting starts. Bloody but exciting mob scene.

VOYAGE OF THE DAMNED — Recounts the tragic episode of the 'El Louie' sent by the Germans to Cuba with 931 Jewish refugees as a propaganda move, knowing they would not be permitted to land. Max von Sydow stars as the anti-Nazi captain of the ship.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1977



Ariel Zilber: 'What I really want to do now is sit at home and bang away at my piano.'



Ariel Zilber: 'What I really want to do now is sit at home and bang away at my piano.'

based in Paris, but made frequent trips to Israel, and his songs, like 'I'll go to a Movie', climbed high on the Israeli charts.

Despite his success in France, Ariel realized that he had to come back to Israel to stay. "To exercise my creative powers to the highest, I had to come home to my own culture, and sing in my own language."

Ariel arrived home in time for the 1973 war, and was immediately sent off to entertain the troops. "Sometimes I would appear without an instrument. I'd just sit on the sand, or jump around and whistle. Sometimes, it's good to be lost."

After a period when he played with Ark Einstein, Ariel became part of Tamuz, which many people considered a top-quality rock group. Ariel doesn't agree. "Real-ly, we were awful," he says.

"Everyone was playing his own thing and there wasn't a common thread. Still, everyone had a good time. In those days, the Israeli audiences for rock music were so primitive that they would accept anything as long as the group looked like it knew what it was doing."

After Tamuz split up, Zilber began recording alone and was very successful. Three hits established him as Israel's hottest rock act. Zilber decided to capitalize on his success with a new album, but it didn't work out. "I thought it would be easy to put a group together, but

things didn't work out. The group was breaking apart. What we were doing wasn't what I wanted and didn't feel right."

SAID ONE observer close to the rock scene, "Ariel's tour flopped because he was openly contemptuous of the audience. He let them know that he didn't give a damn about the concert, and that he felt they had wasted their money. Ariel's music is great, but he has absolutely no self-control."

During the same chaotic period, Ariel was separated from his wife, which increased his feeling of aimlessness. (Dead End Street is about the failure of his marriage.) "She felt that I was married to my music, and had nothing to give her," he says.

Ariel's recent album is a huge smash by Israeli standards, and in a radical break with tradition, he produced it himself. "It's the only way to make any money," he says. "When Tamuz sold 20,000 records for CBS, I got about 11,500. Now, Ariel Zilber has sold about 40,000, and I'm keeping all the profits."

Like Danny Litani, Ariel has come to believe in the "need to be true to myself."

"In the recording business," he says, "they seem to think every pop star needs an image. When I record my own album, I can just be myself and not worry about an image. Of course I want to make money, but if I recorded just what I thought the public wanted, I'd be lost."

"You only live once,

habibi, so make a lot of noise," says Danny Sanderson, late of "Poogy," who has recently been involved in a number of new departures. "I'm really pregnant now," he says. "I'm involved in the labour pains of creating my new music, and detaching myself from the past. I'm making a solo album at the moment, and my music is becoming much more personal and introspective."

But Sanderson has lost none of the puckish humour that made Poogy so unique. He has just finished writing "a very funny book," is working on a musical ("my grandson may get to see it"), and is thinking about going on-stage as a comedian.

Sanderson, who looks a lot like Paul Simon, is that rare creature; an artist totally at ease in two cultures and two languages. He can be howlingly funny in both English and Hebrew. He spent his teen years in the Bronx, attending the High School of Music and Art, and he played in two rock bands, one of which was featured in Life magazine.

"I saw the 60s happen, and it was an incredible time musically. The Shirelles, Neil Sedaka, and the Beach Boys — I've got American Graffiti written all over my body. But my greatest influence was probably Jay and the Americans."

Sanderson came back to Israel in 1968, and found himself in the Army Entertainment Corps. "What a scene," he recalls, "living three years of your life on a bus, and doing a show every day."

"You only live once,

We were 18 boys and girls having a great time, dancing, doing skits, and singing."

Five out of the seven Poogy people came out of the group.

"Poogy was really special because we used three different mediums: vocal, instrumental, and theatrical. Of the two shows we took on tour, the earlier one was much simpler. First we'd do a skit, and it would lead directly into a song. We also did a lot of satire."

"The second show was technically more advanced and said a lot more, with less continuity between the skits and songs. We had a lot of fun with the language, playing on words."

POOGY WAS a melting pot of Yemenite, Slavic, Arabic, and Druse music. Says Sanderson, "I think that Poogy managed to mix the older Israeli music of the 50s, represented by people like Naomi Shemer, with the Western musical influences of the 60s and 70s."

What was Poogy trying to say?

"Our constant preoccupations were fear and lies," says Sanderson. "We said a lot of very serious things, but we made it funny. We tried to show people like they really are, and not as they are idealized. I also liked to look at the comic possibilities behind myths and legends, for instance in the song which presented Goliath as a problem child."

Among Sanderson's comic influences are Groucho Marx, Ambrose Bierce, Stefan Leacock, and Mel Brooks.

Today, Sanderson still regrets the passing of Poogy. "I think we could have lasted another year or so and done another show." But he is looking ahead. "I'm more free to develop as a guitarist now than I was in Poogy, because with seven guitars you tend to get lost."

To prove the point, Danny asked me to listen to a song he recorded after the demise of Poogy, but which hadn't then been released. Called Lesson in Love, it is a straight rocker, which parodies 50s glop rock, and contains some of the most explosive guitar riffs this reporter has ever heard.

Sanderson plans to return to the U.S. for a short period. "But Israel will remain my base of operations. I've been successful here — so why leave?"

"Anyway," he says, "things are looking up around here. The first 100 years are always the hardest." He's 27, and he still has time.

WITH FIRST-CLASS talents like Litani, Zilber, and Sanderson reaching the peak of their creative powers, Israeli rock and roll may be entering its period of greatest expression. The feeling in the rock community is that with improved technical facilities, the rapid advancement in musical quality will continue.

"The next generation of musicians will be much better than we are," says Ariel Zilber. "I'm going to do everything I can to help them when they start to appear." □

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE THIRTEEN

TO CASUAL visitors — and there are many — Zichron Ya'acov looks like a model of tranquility, orderly living set in scenic beauty. The streets are lined with private houses with patios and lawns; the stores are well stocked with luxury items; the gracious guest houses are booked well in advance. But the quiet of this 95-year-old town is marred by one issue: the expansion of a German Christian sect. This nameless religious group, without either Catholic or Protestant affiliation, has kept the local folk in turmoil for over a decade.

Aaron Tubin, long-time resident and contractor in Zichron Ya'acov, recently woke up in the middle of the night to find his Opel sedan in flames. The same night a reporter from *Ma'ariv* was telephoned by a spokesman for a mysterious organization calling itself the "Black Hand," which claimed responsibility for the fire. The spokesman also said the group was responsible for an earlier fire that had caused 11,800,000 of damage to the foundations of the newest building complex in the German colony. Tubin is the contractor for the project.

The incidents were the latest in the storm that has alternately flared and abated over the increasing land purchases and development by the German group. Headed by Miss Emma Berger, the group began by buying a half-built coffee house in the town in 1963. Today they own hundreds of dunams in the rural community.

"If I don't work for the Germans, others will jump at the opportunity," said Polish-born Tubin. He has built most of the German residences in town, and is the contractor for the large factory they have built on the hillside opposite the Carmel Winery.

"We are not in favour of the growth of the German settlement in Zichron Ya'acov," said Mayor Yishai Shibusky. "Here in Zichron, which was largely settled by the Baron de Rothschild, we don't like to see foreigners buying large tracts of land."

THERE ARE about 50 permanent members of the German community in Zichron. They live in communal fashion, pay their taxes, contribute to local charities (they brought supplies to the soldiers in the Yom Kippur War), keep beautiful gardens, and greet passersby with "Shalom." They live simple, quiet country lives.

Why should any town object to such model residents? In this case, there are three main reasons: their eagerness to acquire land; their belief that Jesus is the way to enlighten the Jews; and, of course, their national origin.

For all their opposition, the local council and various groups of concerned citizens have been largely unsuccessful in preventing the purchase of local land and property by the Germans. A few months ago, however, Keren Kayemeth — at the instigation of the locals — bought a large tract of land for which the German group was negotiating.

The group's first contact with Israel was through the German office of Youth Aliyah to which it began donating money about 15 years ago. It was on the suggestion of this office that Emma Berger, the leader of several supporters of Israel in rural Germany, made her first visit to Israel. Impressed by what she saw, she decided to set up a guest house here.



The main entrance to the controversial German Christian commune in Zichron Ya'acov. (Photo: Judah Passow)

SECTARIAN STRIFE IN ZICHRON YA'ACOV

When a nameless sect of German Christians began to buy property and settle down in Zichron Ya'acov, they aroused considerable hostility in the town's residents. BARBARA SOFERR reports on the continuing conflict.

Miss Berger's contacts in Youth Aliyah suggested several non-urban communities where it might be possible to find private land for sale. In Zichron Ya'acov, a non-resident who had started building a cafe was willing to part with the property for a reported 11,800,000. The sect turned the structure into a guest house, which they called "Beth Zion."

A newspaper report at the time described how the late Ya'acov Levi, then Mayor of Zichron, was approached by two young Germans who suggested setting up a hostel in the town. He gave his blessing to the venture, but was later surprised to find they had purchased property for Miss Berger.

Within six months, the Germans had bought a second building, a small rest-house in town. Soon, plane loads of German tourists began arriving on regular visits. There was one demonstration against them; but apart from that, the group found little resistance in Zichron Ya'acov. The residents were, at first, helpful and courteous. In 1967, when the sect bought nine dunams of land near the rest-house, a committee of concerned citizens made an unsuccessful attempt to block the purchase by soliciting funds from Keren Kayemeth. One of the "concerned citizens" later sold property of his own to the group.

A court case and embarrassment for the local council were the results of attempts to block the purchase of the Dora Schwartz Guest House, a well-known retreat for vegetarians in the town centre. Miss Schwartz, ready for her retirement, could find no buyers for her establishment and its lovely grounds. The German group reportedly offered her 11,800,000 for it. The local council and a religious group tried various means to block the sale. The Supreme Court found the purchase legal and valid.

EMMA BERGER herself travels between Israel and Germany, where she has about 1,800 followers. A charismatic leader and a good businesswoman, she has been the key to the group's success in soliciting funds and acquiring property. She prefers to remain in the background, to talk little about herself. We had tea in "Beth El," one of the guest residences. The large, well-kept hostel, the building in town, and the singing tourists in the hall — the 78th such group she has brought to Israel — testified to her success. She would not say exactly how much land her sect owns. In addition to the property in Zichron, they have holdings in Binyamina, Pardes Hanna and Haifa.

Miss Berger was a nurse in Ger-

many 25 years ago. In the course of her work, she was exposed to radiation and became severely ill. She says she prayed for divine help, and promised to dedicate her life to God's service if she recovered. She did, and became a sort of nun without a cloister.

"The Messiah will come in our lifetime," the perfectly-groomed, middle-aged Miss Berger assured me. She has the glow of a deeply religious person in harmony with life. She is sure she is working with heavenly blessing, and that human efforts to hamper her work will prove futile.

Central to the sect's belief is the idea that Jesus will come soon, and that he will complete his work of redemption in Israel. The members see their settling in Israel as preparation for his coming. They believe that he will open the eyes of the Jews when he comes, and that he will bring salvation to the world.

"God let us come here. We don't know why. What we feel is good," she said.

THE PERMANENT members of the commune, "Kibbutz Beth El," work in the fields and in the sect's factory, or serve in the guest houses. Some have been in Israel for over 10 years. None has taken Israeli citizenship. The factory, which provokes local speculation because of its size, at present

houses the group's carpentry shop and a noodle-manufacturing plant. They do most of the carpentry required in their buildings. One of the members was a noodle manufacturer in Germany. Their products are still only for their own consumption. They are vague when asked about future plans and why the factory is so big.

At four in the afternoon, you can see the men and women of the commune, in jeans and neatly pressed shirts, returning from work. Then they disappear behind doors secured with electric locks. They wash, eat and pray together at Beit El. Their language is German; their children attend a private German-language kindergarten. Most commune members contribute whatever money they have to the communal kitty.

"You are not forced to give up your financial assets when you become a member, but if you stay on, you usually decide to do so on your own," said Günther Ulmer, a veteran member of the group, and Miss Berger's German-Hebrew translator.

If an unmarried member of the group decides to marry a non-believer, he is asked to leave.

"One prerequisite is that you believe. We believe in the Old and New Testaments. We believe that Jesus the Saviour is on his way," Ulmer said.

Both he and Miss Berger deny that they have any missionary ambitions. Charges by local citizens to that effect appear to be unfounded. They are fundamentalists and are waiting for Jesus to come.

"Then there will be a new spirit and a new heart in Israel," Miss Berger said.

"When the fig blossoms summer begins," Ulmer quoted the prophets. "Since 1948 there have been leaves on the trees."

Miss Berger denied charges that members of her group could have been associated with the Nazis or that they were sponsored by neo-Nazi groups. "On the contrary, there are many who saved Jews during World War II. No Nazi would be interested in our group," she said.

What next? Miss Berger said they simply wait for divine instruction. She acknowledged that there were more of her followers interested in settling in Zichron. She said she did not know how many. If more came, Kibbutz Beth El will have to expand.

Aaron Tubin said he would continue building for the group, despite the threats of the "Black Hand." He said no social pressure would make him stop.

"Most people tell me I would be crazy to stop working for them," Tubin said. "Only a government order can stop them from building."

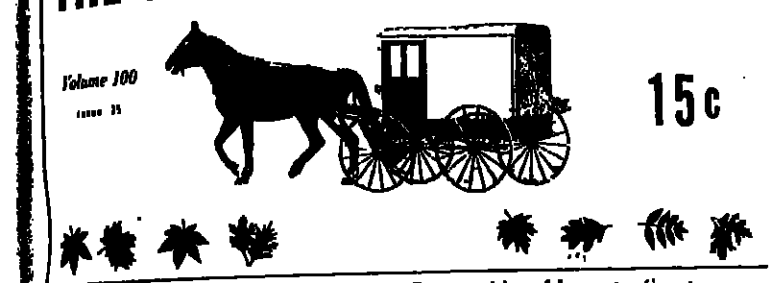
Mayor Shibusky, however, promised to continue to try to prevent Germans from buying more land. He pointed to "a general atmosphere of opposition to the Germans in Zichron Ya'acov," and in line with that he would discourage their expansion. He was not specific about what he would do.

The police have not apprehended any individuals connected with "Black Hand." No one will publicly speculate on their identity. They have threatened more violence if the German group adds to its holdings.

The involved parties are very secretive and vague, and convinced they are behaving righteously. What is clear is that the conflict will continue in Zichron Ya'acov. □

Naivety and knowingness

THE INTERCOURSE REVIEW



Volume 100 15c

Serving The Amish and Mennonite Communities of Lancaster County

Historic Strasburg, Inc.

HISTORIC STRASBURG TO OPEN THIS SUMMER

WITH PREJUDICE / Alex Berlyne

THERE WERE so many tasty scraps left over from the last column that I thought I'd just warm them over and they'd make a lovely cottage pie or even a dish of rissoles. With the price of columns what it is nowadays, it'd be a pity to throw them out.

Now, where was I? Oh yes, I was going on about the awe-inspiring innocence of children and the young-in-heart.

The correspondence columns of the *London Daily Mirror* have always been a fruitful source for students of child psychology, since proud mums are constantly using them to report on their offspring's lousied-up logic.

One mother recently wrote to say that her little boy was coughing all the time he was eating a sweet. When she asked him what was the matter, he said, "Nothing — I'm eating a cough sweet."

Then there was the lady who told of her child refusing to eat white chocolate "because it wasn't cooked," while another moppet — who had just watched a chicken being plucked — was quoted as asking, "Do they have to get undressed every night?"

OF COURSE, English schools are renowned for this sort of thing and many children are firm believers in such concepts as the Invisible Armada, the American Declaration of Independence or that coffee is carried by Paul Bears. Some of their innocent versions of hymns and prayers have become classics, among them "Our Father which art in Heaven, Harold be Thy name"; "Good Mrs. Murphy shall follow me all the days of my life"; and "Gladly Thy cross-eyed bear."

Naivety and knowingness are frequently mixed, however, and the kids have been known to refer to "Abide with Me as the Dentist's Hymn" because of the reference to "Change and decay in all around I see."

An ad in a Devonshire paper last month offering "a desirable residence set in 25 acres with a collection of Old Masters thrown in" turned out to be a hoax. Children of Ilfracombe Comprehensive School were trying to sell their alma mater and the "Old Masters" was a reference to the

teaching staff.

However, another extraordinary announcement published last month turned out to be genuine. Sexey's School, at Lusty Hill, Bruton, Somerset, admitted that it was accepting girls for the first time.

The press also went to town over the news that jockey John Higgins was to ride Mrs. Higgins in a maiden race at Eddisbury. Mrs. Higgins, a three-year-old filly, threw him and John broke a leg. He was nursed by the other Mrs. Higgins, who complained that she keeps getting her leg pulled.

Another gift to the wags of Fleet Street was the news that Tilley's, the Cheltenham factory that makes a favourite tea-time delicacy, is to close down. This produced a rash of headlines flogging the theme, "No More Crumpet."

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THE UNINTENDED double entendre seems to flourish everywhere, even without the willing assistance of bored sub-editors.

Arthur Marshall recently culled a choice collection of slang from a 1900 edition of *The Public School Word-Book*. At Christ's Hospital clap meant to jump the queue; Winchester footballers referred to a goal as a schill; Durham University called its students *lits*; Cocke was the old washing place at Charterhouse; a bloater at Felstead was referred to as a wanker; and a short behind was the Eton version of a half-back.

ABOUT 10 YEARS ago, the Hon. Edward Gathorne-Hardy published a couple of anthologies of literary bloomers, full of horrible double entendres committed in all innocence by some of the greatest names in English letters. A typical example was taken from Walter de la Mare's *Myself*.

"Forlornly, silently, Plays in the evening garden Myself with me."

However, the one who suffered most at the anthologist's hands was Henry James who, despite his renowned refinement of perception, was constantly putting both feet in it.

Here is vintage James, from *The Portrait of a Lady* "... and gradually when he found his sen-

sitive organ grateful even for grim favours, he conferred them with a lighter hand." *The Last of the Valeris* produced the memorable, "Next after that slow-coming, slow-going smile of her lover, it was the rusty complexion of his patrimonial marbles that she most prized." But it was in *The Real Thing* that James excelled himself: "She lent herself especially to positions in which the face was somewhat averted."

ACCORDING TO Cole Lesley, Noel Coward's biographer, Clemence Dane, the novelist and playwright (*Bill of Divorcement*), produced in all innocence a never-ending stream of brazen and hilarious bloomers.

Miss Dane, immortalized by the Master as Madame Arcati in *Billie's Spirit*, was a Junoesque lady, whose rich and resonant voice made her celebrated gaffes even more startling. "Olwen's got crabs!" she would proclaim, as the guests assembled for dinner; or "We're having roast cock tonight!" in the crowded foyer of the Old Vic, she could be heard proclaiming in ringing tones.

"But Joyce, it's well known that Bacon sucked Shakespeare dry."

Someone who enquired about Miss Dane's goldfish, which had been suffering from too much sun in their outdoor pool, was assured: "Oh they're all right now! They've got a vast erection covered with everlasting pea!"

To Binkie Beaumont, she imparted her joy in the simple life of the countryside. "Oh the pleasure of waking up to see a row of tits outside your window," she told the startled impresario.

Noel tried to explain to her that she simply could not say in her latest novel, "He stretched out and grasped the other's gnarled, stumpy tool." But even when telling a ghost story she was apt to say things like, "Night after night for a week she tried to make him come."

Why could she not have used the word "materialize?" asks Mr. Lesley. "But then if she did we should never have had the fun."

ONCE YOU'VE become sensitized to these possibilities, they're to be found practically everywhere. Even chess players analyzing the finer points of the game can bring a blush to your cheeks if you eavesdrop on questions like: "Why flog your Bishop?" or denunciations like: "You don't know what your piece is for!"

I was recently shown a copy of the *Rules for Contract Bridge*, which contains some interesting statements. For instance, "Forcing occasions are when: (1) Partner has great honour strength and refuses to open. (2) You possess length or a break... Never employ the forcing principle without first considering the result obtained by careful manipulation of the hand."

Another mysterious instruction runs, "No-Bid Response. Can range from a shapeless bust to a raised point. This is effective after your partner has raised his rubber and rises in his suit."

Newspapers have to be particularly aware of the danger, especially in the telegraphese of headlines. The now defunct *News Chronicle* is still fondly recalled for a famous wartime gaffe: "Eighth Army Push Bottles Up Germans."

Even *The Jerusalem Post* fell into the trap in a recent article on sex education in schools. "What are still lacking after three years of work," the writer pointed out, "are the practical tools for classroom use." □

GOOD FRIDAY

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NAME ADDRESS



The public is invited to a lecture by

Professor Freeman John Dyson

(Princeton Institute for Advanced Study)

Harvey Prize Laureate for 1977

on

SPACE TRAVEL — HOW, WHERE AND WHY?

to be held on Sunday, June 12, 1977 at 8 p.m.

in the Spertus Auditorium, Building Research

Station, Technion City, Haifa.

IT ALL STARTED when I got a cheque for 11.10 from Weinreb, made out to "self." I drove down to the Abu Kabir branch of Bank Leumi — where Weinreb has his account — and handed the cheque to one of the clerks, who looked at the daily computer print-out and said:

"O.K., the teller will pay you." I walked over to the glass partition.

"Shalom," I said. "Can I have the money?"

"Sure," said the teller, and started handing over bundles of banknotes from the steel safe standing in the corner. I asked him what he thought he was doing.

"I'm just carrying out orders," he said. "This is a holdup, isn't it?"

I burst out laughing. "Ha, ha!" the teller lost his temper. "Very funny! This is my fifth robbery in two months."

I explained to the man that I didn't have a weapon and only wanted my money.

"Mr. Singer," the teller shouted to a man seated at a desk just behind him, "would you mind coming here a moment? I've got a mixed-up robber here."

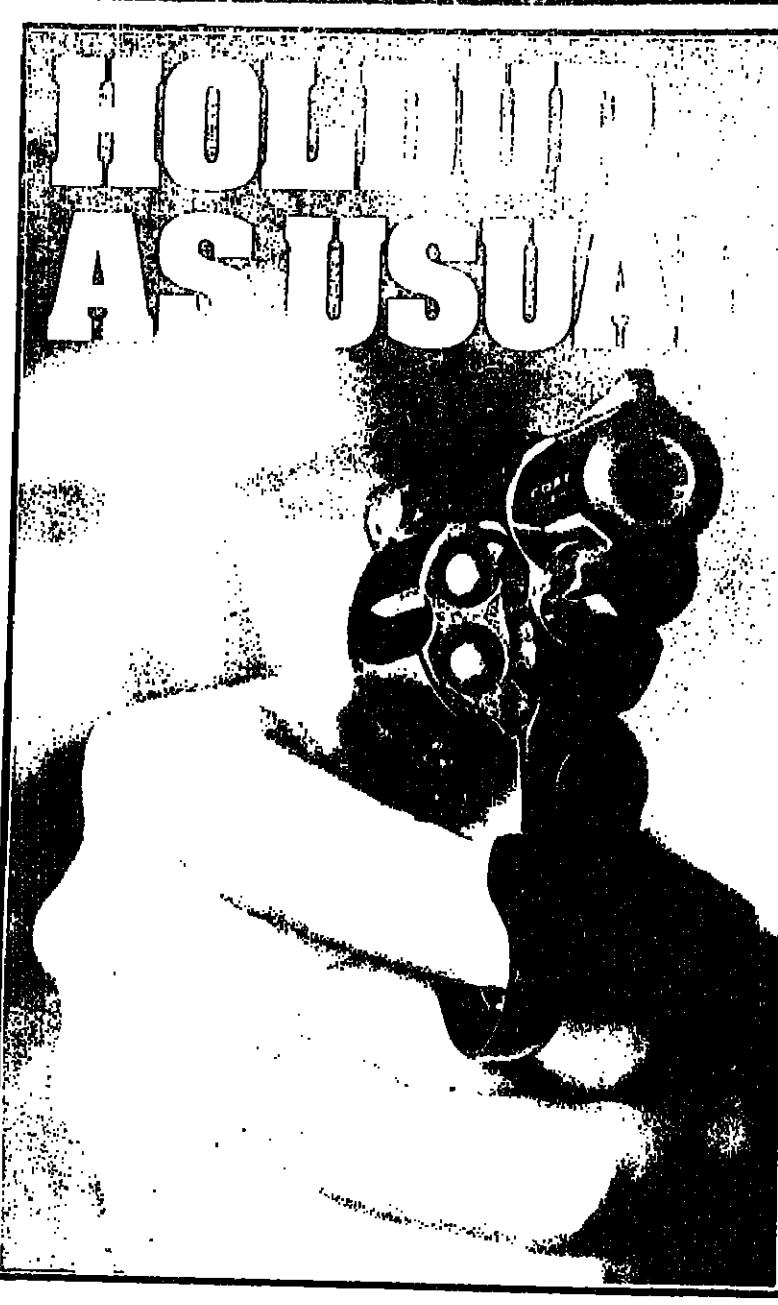
"Just a sec," Singer answered, and finished filling in a form. Then he came over to us with a big stack of banknotes. "That's all I've got just now," he said.

"Payroll only on Fridays. Sorry."

He asked why I wasn't wearing a stocking over my head. I told him they scratch.

It was a rather unpleasant situation. People began crowding around us and pulling faces. One of them jumped over to the door and shouted: "Quick, fetch the kids, we've got a holdup here!" In front of me on the counter a mountain of banknotes had piled up. I told Singer that I wasn't going to take all that.

"Take it, take it," Singer encouraged me. "The insurance will pay."



couraged me. "The insurance will pay." He told me that only the other

day, two little girls had robbed the Bank Hapoalim branch in Jaffa. "Next week at your place!" the bank manager had said to him after the robbery, and ever since, next-in-line Singer had stashed away money in expectation of the event.

"It's part of efficient banking routine in Israel," he said. "A certain unwritten holdup code has been worked out by now and has become deeply rooted in the public's consciousness."

He pointed to the clients who — unasked — had stretched out flat alongside the clerks and were carrying on with their transactions on the floor. After being served, people crawled outside, while others came in on all fours.

"Years ago, when the State was still young, bank robberies were carried out with a great ceremony," Singer went on. "They shot at the ceiling, shouted, acted violent. Nowadays, Israeli banking officials are determined to make things easier. Last week, two holdup artists, armed with only a screwdriver, took 11,100,000 from a Barclays branch; and the Bank Leumi in Petah Tikva was held up with an ice-cream stick. The Givatayim Discount had an ad in the papers this morning, asking to be robbed during summer hours on Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays."

"Yes," I said. "Down with bureaucracy."

"Not even our national poet, Chaim Nachman Bialik, would have dared to dream of such an ideal situation," Singer agreed. "He used to say we'd only be a normal, healthy nation when we had Jewish criminals of our own, and now at last the bard's vision has come true. Batya," Singer addressed his secretary, "have you called the police?"

"Yes," Batya lisped through her chewing-gum, "but the line is busy."

"Oh, stop it," Singer said, obstinately. "We have already informed the Main Office and the insurance company, and have brought the balance sheet up-to-date, so why complicate things? Stay a while longer until the TV boys arrive."

"No, I've got to run now." We shook hands and I drove to the nearby gas station.

"How much?" the attendant asked.

"Fill her up," I said. He opened the boot of my car and threw in all the money he had in his safe.

"Receipt?" I asked him.

"No need. It's all insured." I turned left into Bialik Street. What a pity we have inflation. Such a normal and healthy nation!

"Forget it." I started counting the money and asked why there was no alarm bell in the place. Because of the noise, Singer told me. At the Ramle Branch of Bank Hapoalim the bells had rung for a full two hours while the robbery was going on, and the racket almost drove the staff out of their minds.

"I see," I said. "Where's your armed guard?"

"Walking the dog."

THE TELLER finished packing the cash into the two suitcases the bank had placed at my disposal, and enquired where my stolen getaway car was parked. As we came out, a number of passersby fell on me. They wanted to take photographs; they asked me to tie a handkerchief round my face and stop grinning. At the end of the street, a number of policemen could be seen setting up a road block. I handed out a few autographs, and made a last attempt to return the money to the bank.

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The poet's heart

THE PROPER BLESSING: Selected Poems of David Vogel, translated by A.C. Jacobs, London, The Menard Press. 38 pp. £1.20.

THE DARK GATE: Selected Poems of David Vogel, translated by A.C. Jacobs, London, The Menard Press. 38 pp. £1.20.

A DRESS OF FIRE by Dahlia Ravikovitch, translated by Chana Bloch, London, The Menard Press. 47 pp. £1.20.

SELECTED POEMS by Leah Goldberg, translated by Robert Bly, Foreword by Yehuda Amichai, afterword by Gershon Sholem, London, The Menard Press. 64 pp. £1.80.

AND EARTH by David Rokeah, translated severally, London, Scher and Warburg. 58 pp. £1.10.

Richard E. Sherwin

A.C. JACOBS writes relaxed and readable poetry. I prefer his satires to his treatment of traditional Jewish subjects: the biblical hero, modern Israel, Yiddishkeit. He punctures gently but effectively the Diaspora Jews who insist all's well with them as they cautiously worship "Nothing too much." His satires on Cambridge tolerance and Christian feasts are equally apt.

His satires succeed because he is clearer on what's wrong than what's right, or should be right. Although his subjects are often Jewish and he seems to prefer Jews who know what they are, the content of this identity seems culturally blurred. "There is only one word," he writes. I see not only so Proper Blessing, but also no blessing at all. And worse, no attempt to bless.

"Isaac," his most complex poem, has for a hero a man with a sense of mission, someone who is forced into a role by a dead father and kept in it by Ishmael's enmity and jealousy; he keeps his inheritance as "a small exchange for that terrifying moment" on

Mr. Moriah — a small-souled merchant and would-be conciliator.

THE POEMS of the late David Vogel are full of the painful beauty of lost childhood, security, love, and meaning. The poems are short, their language simple, their mood reflective and ironic. Shadows and night dominate. Daylight and memories seem so brief and so brilliant that they hurt the poet's dazzled heart.

He sees "One on top of another/People...falling into the pit." Grass withers before sunrise and he's out in rain like "Beads of dirty glass." He decides to "look up again/At one cheerful window/Perhaps a soft, white finger will beckon —"

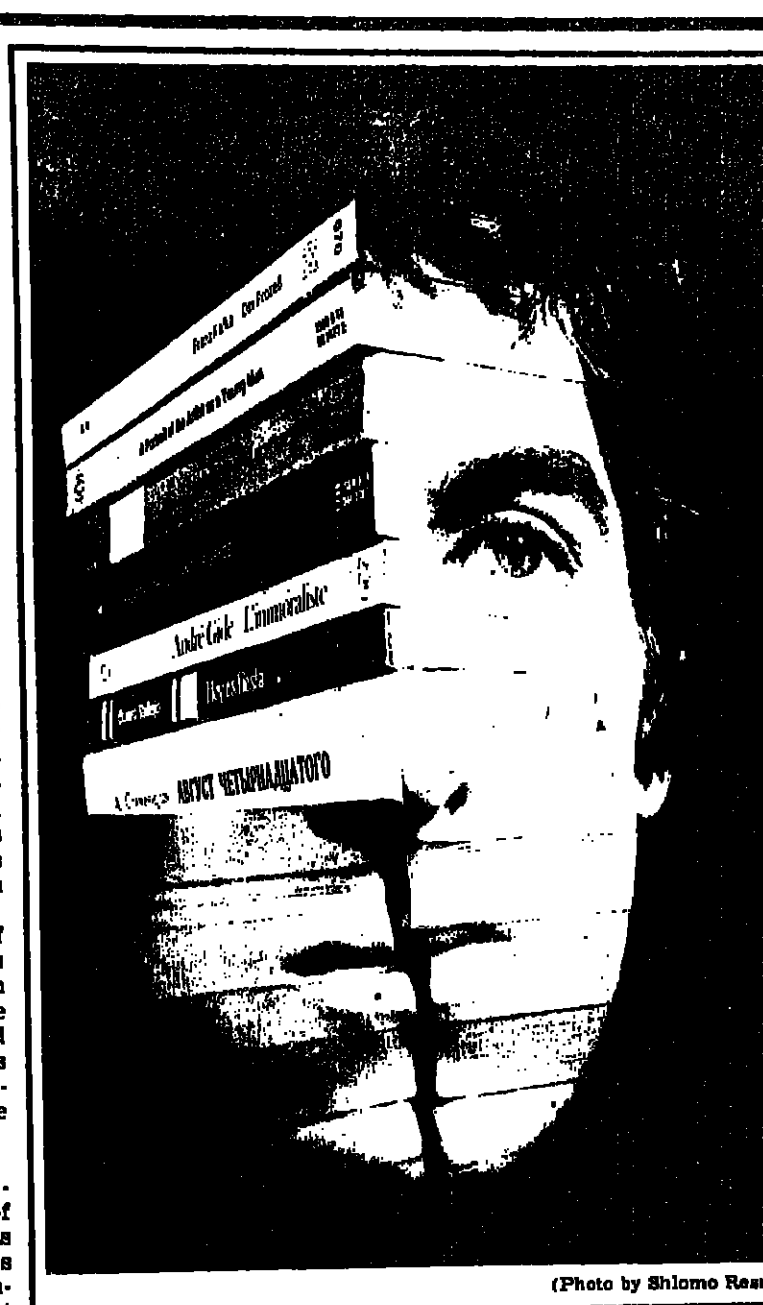
It is unclear why the hidden observer is still cheerful at the sight of human suffering. Weakness. Mindlessness. Lack of soul. Indifference. Who is it? A woman? God? Whatever it is it's all there is, and not very much at that.

Vogel's world, like that of Jacobs's, is quiet. But Vogel's is also full of urgency. Even though "our shadows are bigger than we are" — or because they are — and God is "Old and poor," he seeks and offers consolation and compassion. Out of emptiness, he makes fullness.

COMPARED to Vogel's understatement, the hyperbole of Dahlia Ravikovitch seems hysterical. It's as if she's scratching a very painful sore, insisting on inflaming it into rage at its meaninglessness. She is excellent when she controls this fury, as in "Hills of Salt": a couple are frozen by the sea, unable to touch or assuage each other's hurt or loneliness. In the title poem, "A Dress," her speaker screams out: "I'm not wearing a dress at all/what's burning is me."

Here the contrast between allusions to Modoc and colloquial language plays off beautifully against the apparent blindness of the concerned companion.

Ravikovitch seems to do best when she has a clear dramatic



(Photo by Shlomo Reanki)

of a metaphysical being than a physical event. He is not any more subject to argument than a rock is. In that sense He can be prayed to "In the supplication box/on Mount Zion" or kneeling on the slopes of a beloved's body. The obvious danger is pantheism; the usual success is a red earth in which knowledge is not intellectual: "only the seed knows/what is to come."

THE Selected Poems of Leah Goldberg (who died in 1970) show an intellectuality lacking in Rokeah's structures, a drama lacking in Vogel's, an emotional breadth lacking in Jacobs's, and a love of others lacking in Ravikovitch's. Goldberg's symbolism, as in "River Songs," is intellectually precise, allowing for simplicity of statement.

In "The Moon Sings to the River," we get elegant irony and complex clarity as the moon describes itself in relation to the river as a god connecting heaven and earth. "I am the lie in the waters; I am the truth in the sky;/the truth that each false image/measures its falseness by."

She has stepped out of the picture, letting nature speak as if for itself. This is something that Rokeah's concentration on nature, oddly enough, rarely lets him do.

I admire her series on "The Love of Teresa de Meun" most of all. Unlike some of her late poems, which seem undirected as love poems, and vague when symbolic, this series captures in the figure of Teresa the essence of a woman's hopeless love for a younger man; but even more, I think, it describes unrequited love generally and the strategies of duplicity that lovers are forced to adopt.

Leah Goldberg, more than any of the other poets here, mastered the lyrical image. Paradoxically, in lamenting things lost forever, her work preserves them, sometimes forever. Her lost summer, lost love, and lost life are here and gone in: "It was a wonderful summer/Tiny silver fish swam in your eyes;/and the image of those fish swam in my eyes;/and we sank depth after depth after depth/Tiny silver fish have disappeared from your eyes." □

focus for her thoughts and emotions. The satires on Hong Kong and Chad seem poetically weak by comparison. The latter is done and the former overdone. Her real and perhaps single poetic hurt remains herself.

OF ALL THE poets reviewed here, David Rokeah has the most recognizable style and the least identifiable ego. His speakers almost merge into the landscape in a kind of symbiosis. History, emotion and thought participate

in the geology of Israel, and vice versa. His poems at worst seem like things, opaque collections of images. At best they have a laminated simplicity that imitates things — as in "Eyes," where sea-sight, mine-laying, lovers, the seasons, and poems combine into an experience of Israel. "The poem I was about to write/is still a long night at the beginning of spring/and eyes planted in the sea/on the frontier of my country."

In Rokeah's poetry, God is less

reminds me of Dorothy Parker's "If all the ladies at the party were laid end to end, I would not be at all surprised."

A small sample of Mr. Fullerton's morsels will suffice: "A Roman glutton named Apocreas once devoured four tablecloths and a broken glass at one sitting."

"Babies have been known to hiccup several hours before birth. In some instances an unborn baby has cried loudly enough to be heard from 25 feet away."

"There are 30 times as many people buried in the earth as there are people now living."

And for Jewish trivialists: "Among the many things that have been manufactured to coddle the owners of pets are a pair of doggie sunglasses, doggie pajamas, and for the Hassidic canine, a dog yarmulka."

In spite of Trivialis's "rib tickling cartoons," on balance there is little to choose between the two. The fact is that if you are a trivialist, you don't need compendia, and if you are not, no amount of vacuum-packed esoterica can help you.

My verdict: books on trivia, like joke-books, should be banned under the Geneva Convention. □

Utterly useless

THE JOY OF TRIVIA by Bernie Smith, Los Angeles, Brooke House. 344 pp. \$5.95.

TRIVIATA — A Compendium of Useless Information compiled by Timothy T. Fullerton, New York, Hart. 240 pp. \$5.95.

Wim van Leer

ARCHILOCHUS SAID that "the fox knows many things, but the hedgehog knows one big thing." Speaking as a trivialist myself, I can honestly state that I know 71,384 nothings.

Trivia could be defined as the small change in the currency of knowledge. But what is a trivialist? Is he someone who cannot judge what is and what is not of value in the esoteric scale of cultural or scientific values, and consequently commits rubbish to memory while relegating substance to the ashcan of his mind? He cannot recall the dates or causes of the Crimean War, but

will remember that the officer commanding the charge of the Light Brigade invented a piece of knitwear named after him. Is he the victim of a fault in the human computer? Or a case of incontinence of the memory's data retrieval circuitry?

Wherever people gather for conviviality and mutual amusement, the trivialist, like the wit, is welcome. But books on trivia are written for the hedgehogs of this world. Following the "90 lb. weakling" course, the "how to make friends and influence people" indoctrination, Bernie Smith has undertaken to make the dull and the dim-witted instantly fascinating. As the blurb on the cover has it: "This enthralling collection of frivolous fact is guaranteed to make you a trivia expert to be reckoned with."

During a heated conversation on, say, Menahem Begin's position on water fluoridation, the self-improver will interject with: "Listen, fellers, talking of great men, did you know that President

John Quincy Adams was 5'6" tall and President Lyndon Johnson was 6'3"?" He could fill the ensuing silence with, "Yeah, and what's more, the Church of Santa Maria in Venice rests on 1,156,472 pillars." After the stampeede for the exit has emptied the hall, the instant-trivialist has all the petits fours to himself — all with the aid of Bernie Smith.

However, if it is not the blobs of trivia that set your teeth on edge, it is Mr. Smith's coda-like punchlines of "witty" commentary. A sample will do: "Felix Mendelssohn was only 17 when he wrote one of his greatest compositions, the overture to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' I guess you could safely say Felix was a very hep cat."

If these are samples of what Mr. Smith calls *The Joy of Trivia*, I hate to think what the sorrow would read like. He did, however, provide me with one small joy: that of catching a fellow trivialist in error: *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* is not the same tune as the Dutch Anthem, *Wilhelmus van Nassauwe*. It is the very triviality of trivia that makes checking sources well nigh impossible, but being Dutch....

In his more than 1,500 samples, the only bit of trivia I would like to remember is that Mr. Smith refined his art at the knee of Groucho Marx, with whom he had had over 350 lunches. Remembering that T.S. Eliot and Groucho hardly exchanged more than 20 lines of prose during their celebrated luncheon meeting, makes me think that the Old Conriver, suffering as he did from after-dinner paralysis (inability to move a hand toward one's billfold), made Mr. Smith pay for the meals.

MR. FULLERTON, although a cut above Smith, shares his penchant for numerical trivia: diners at the Tour d'Argent get serial numbers — Marlene Dietrich was 208708; the Niagara Falls will disappear into Lake Erie in 22,800 years — from the date of publication; the largest cigar ever made was 170 cm. long; the hair of Swami Pandarasannadhi is 28 feet long. And so on.

Numbers are the trivialist's last resort, and both books contain a generous sprinkling: "If the world population was put in the U.S.A., the population density would be less than in Holland"; The annual production of bagels would cover Rhode Island, etc., which

reminds me of Dorothy Parker's "If all the ladies at the party were laid end to end, I would not be at all surprised."

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An end to reading



A VIEW FROM NOB Moshe Kohn

pilgrimage following a *Shmitta* (Sabbatical) Year, "you shall read this Torah publicly in the hearing of all Israel. Assemble the people — the men, women and children, and the *ger* living in your settlements — so that they shall listen and so that they shall learn and fear God your god, and observe all the words of this Torah" (Deut. 31:10-13).

To the Jews, then, literacy is a value only insofar as it serves a predetermined higher ideal, the advancement of the Jewish way of life. It matters only in that it enables them to read and reread the terms of their "peoplehood contract."

Today, the concept "literacy" has become meaningless, along with all the statistics concerning the number of books printed and sold per square head, or the amount of reading done by the subjects of surveys. What is the meaning of "literacy rate" in the Arab world, where two of the most reprinted and read books are *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* and

What do those people "know" whose "informative" reading consists mainly of newspapers, magazines, and first-person tanglings in the sewers of the world's capitals?

"Literacy, in the form in which we at present know it, does not deserve its status as the 'sacred cow' of basic education," Professor Sir Edmund Leach,

Provost of King's College, Cambridge, wrote recently.

WITHOUT a point of departure and an objective that are beyond "literacy" for its own sake, what will be the meaning of the "Reading" that an Israeli educator, Ezra Ben-Shalom, proposes be made a compulsory subject in our schools. This must be done urgently, he writes in the latest issue of the *Education and Culture Ministry periodical Sifrut Yeladim Veno'ar*, because adults and children, "even in the kibbutzim," have stopped reading.

He has a "revolutionary proposal": the reading habit should be revived. How? By compelling children, from second or third grade through high school, to read books "suitable for their age," to discuss the books in the classroom, and to write comments on them. This is "the proven way," he says, of gradually turning reading "into a custom, a second nature, a pleasurable habit."

By now, it seems, we would know that that is the proven way of making children hate subjects and habits. At best, this is the way to turn them into answer-spouting monsters whose spirits have been no more informed by the information punched into and out of them than perforated data tape.

More than any other subject, reading can become a "pleasurable habit" for children only when it is that for the spirit-shaping people in their world. Ideally, this means parents; in the real world, it means teachers. And it means that the teacher of Arithmetic, Biology, Bible, or Tai-

mud, no less than the teacher of Literature, must be as much at home in the entire universe of matter and ideas as the reading of books of lasting value makes it humanly possible to be.

It means that all these teachers must be eclectic readers and know how to put their special subjects into the context of the eternal, universal human adventure. It also means that the teachers of every nation must know how to put their nation's adventure into the universal context and to view the total human adventure from the perspective of their own nation's premises, ideals, and aspirations.

IN OTHER WORDS, "Reading" must be an integral part of life, not merely an occasional pastime among other time-passing pursuits; and an integral part of the whole learning adventure, not merely another subject for examinations.

When we have teachers who can read with this sense of adventure and infect their pupils with it, we can also make "Reading" a special classroom subject whose aim is to sharpen the pupils' understanding of language and the arts associated with it.

Under present circumstances, Ben-Shalom's proposal means the end of reading. One can only say about this proposal what the late great Prof. Richard Titmuss said, in another context, at a conference of social workers in Israel many years ago: "At this point in time it is important to have good services. It is better to have no services at all than to have services which are not good." □

IN This connection, we have a kind of literary festival of our own. This is laid down in Commandment 611 (the 18th in Malmonides' "ahali" list). When the nation assembles in Jerusalem for the Succot

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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הכרזה מן האצל

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE SEVENTEEN

Honey and Ashes

REUNION by Fred Uhlman, with an introduction by Arthur Koestler. London, Collins & Harvill Press 112 pp. £2.50.

Lynn Sharon

REUNION can be viewed as an apology for German-Jewish myopia. It is a portrait of German-Jewish schizophrenia, which led a generation of Jews down the garden path to extermination.

Despite his grim perspective, however, Uhlman has written a sensitive, superbly-paced story of friendship, which transcends history and logic.

The story is set in Germany of 1932. Hans Schwarz, an introspective 25-year-old dreamer and poet, is the narrator of this semi-autobiographical novella, and it is his day-dreams that give us a clue to the Jews' bitter alienation from Germanic atavism. It is only in his day-dreams that Hans can share in the *Götterdämmerung*. To his misfortune, his Jewish heritage offers him only merchants, rabbis and doctors, no match for German heroes and heroes.

The story, at first, is not concerned with Hans' Jewishness, which appears largely as a constantly recurring irritant; in democratic Swabia, Jews managed to live with this "irritant." It is only when a new boy, Count Konrad von Hohenfels, a perfect Teutonic specimen with an ancestry to match his name, enters Hans' class at school that we sense the inner Jewish guilt agony. Nevertheless, Hans joins the other pupils in vying for Konrad's friendship, and surprisingly, wins it. Uhlman captures the passion of their teenage devotion, and we are mesmerized by the sheer poetry of their "courtship dance."

ALTHOUGH Uhlman subtly draws us into the 1932 Swabian sunshine world, the spectre of terror crouches on every page. In the end, it is this still-distant terror that strips the friendship of its innocence and self-deception. When it happens, the cardboard castles tumble down along with the other Jewish illusions.

As for the good Jewish burghers, they continue to sit among the ruins, rummaging on their hard-earned Iron Crosses while they air their First World War uniforms. They plead to the very end: "My country, my home, without beginning without end.... we were Swabians, then Germans and then Jews.... Zionism.... the whole idea.... stark mad.... I know my Germany. This is a temporary illness, something like measles.... do you really believe the compatriots of Goethe, and Schiller, Kant and Beethoven will fall for this rubbish?"

Yes, we affirm smugly, with our 1977 hindsight, while millions of Jewish amnestics still continue to live in their golden diasporas. Originally a lawyer, Fred Uhlman fled from Nazi Germany to England, where he has established a considerable reputation as a painter. Now aged 76, he has recaptured his youth in one golden diaspora, and we taste the honey and remember the ashes with him. How ironic that in the end, Uhlman chooses to remember only the honey. □



Uncovering new levels of Herodian stones at the Western Wall. (Rubinger)

Biblical tour

BC: THE ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE BIBLE LANDS by Magnus Magnusson. London, BBC/Bodley Head, 231pp. £8.50.

Martin Sleff

THIS BOOK is based on a superbly produced 12-part BBC documentary series which no doubt, Israel Television will be bringing us in due course. The adaptation to book form works well, and this is simply the most readable and up-to-date layman's introduction to Biblical archaeology you can find.

Popularization comes easily to Magnus, the archaeological Yigael Yadin of British television. His style is lively. The Venus deity Ishtar of Uruk is "the pin-up girl of ancient Mesopotamia." Prof. Avraham Biran, we learn, "sees Solomon, not as a 'hawk' or a 'dove' in terms of international politics, but as an octopus."

We read about Leonard Woolley mistaking a local flood layer for the universal Deluge at Ur of the

Chaldees; Kathleen Kenyon finding the oldest city in the world at Jericho, and concluding that Jerusalem of the Prophets was a "pocket-size village"; Prof. Nachman Avigad proving her wrong; Prof. Avraham Biran, "being a born optimist," still living in hope of finding Jeroboam's Golden Calf of Dan.

The great discoveries of 20th-century archaeology are paraded. Magnus briskly and vividly guides us through Ugarit, that "quintessentially Canaanite city," Megiddo — most fought-over site in the world, the triumphs of Ahab's engineers there and at Hazor, the royal archives of pre-Canaanite superpower of Syria and Palestine and probably the find of the century.

The bulk of Magnus's material is drawn from "scores of excavation reports and articles in journals and periodicals," and it is a pity that a bibliography of them was not included. His able guide through the field was Dr. James B. Pritchard of the University of Pennsylvania, a legendary figure to thousands of toiling students.

ISRAELI archaeologists figure prominently. The extraordinary list of achievements of Professors Yigael Yadin, Benjamin Mazar, Nachman Avigad, and the late Yohanan Aharoni is particularly striking — Hazor, Megiddo, Masada, Beersheba, Arad, Tel Qasile, the Temple Mount, Jewish Quarter.

The younger generation's battle honours are up to standard. At random, there is Gabi Barkai surveying the iron age tombs of Jerusalem, David Ussishkin painstakingly confirming the layer of Sennacherib's destruction at Lachish, Beno Rothenberg excavating the largest mining enterprise in the ancient world at Timna, Magen Broshi putting further nails in the coffin of Kathleen Kenyon's pint-sized Jerusalem theory.

THE GREAT battle royals of archaeology also figure. Yigael Yadin, on my scorecard, comes out ahead of Aharoni, Mendenhall, and Kenyon on the walls of Jericho (Did they fall or didn't they? And if so, when?), but does seem to be fighting a rear-guard action in denying that the Stables of Solomon were really storehouses.

Magnus's forthright refutation of the UNESCO charges about the Temple Mount is welcome and generous — "I am convinced that this major archaeological enterprise will illuminate the history of the Holy City in a way which will bring satisfaction and pleasure to all believers."

The illustrations of artefacts sites, art, Bible illustrations, and archaeologists are well-chosen and striking, if not up to the standard of Yadin's *Hazor*. The maps, however, stand out for their bleakness and lack of clarity. In leading us around the sites and the opinions of archaeologists, Magnus is an able guide, although he has an understandable Icelandic bias (Samson is "an archetypal saga figure") and a definite soft spot for Jasebel ("I see her as being rather beautiful and regal, bringing to the somewhat provincial court of Ahab a new Phoenician elegance and style and sophistication").

As these pages show, the accepted chronology of the ancient east rests on too slender a branch to bear the weight of interpretation imposed on it. But if the sweeping historical statements rest on less ground than Magnus indicates, that doesn't detract from the authority, accuracy, and plain fun of his guided tour through the archaeology of the Bible lands. □

Overachiever

FALCONER by John Cheever. New York, Knopf. 211 pp. \$7.95.

Matthew Nesvicky

A NEW NOVEL by John Cheever? The portents were unpromising. First, Cheever has always been more than an eyelash better at the short story than the novel; he'd only written three novels before this one, the last in 1969. Further, Cheever is best known as a buttoned-down New Yorker city slicker, exclusively concerned with malaise in the suburbs, and who cares about those over-trodden lawns any more? Lastly — well, isn't gentleman John just plain over the hill?

His first collection of stories came out in 1942, and he hit his stride in the 1950s and early '60s. Now just look at him in his new dust jacket photo, posed with such studied, sexy nonchalance in cord trousers and brightly-buffered tassel loafers. I mean, after all, the fellow's just turned 65. Shouldn't he retire?

God forbid. *Falconer* is a triumph of invention and craftsmanship, and if not the high point of Cheever's career, it is at least as good as anything he's ever written, and that is very good indeed. The added surprise is that Cheever has challenged the younger generation on its own ground — the hard-edged, the horrible, the obscene, the surreal. He not only raps its chops with his gamut, he makes its head spin. The book is about prison life, and the prose is far too gritty for the sanitized chic of the *New Yorker*.

Over the three or four decades of Cheever's career, there always lurked beneath his tight humour and shaved prose a kind of nasty streak. An uncompromising eye and a mean ear infused even the airy fantasies of "The Housebreaker of Shady Hill" and "The Enormous Radio." Above all, he has always been deadly serious about his recurrent themes, which are nothing less

than the pervasive anguish and despair that Cheever inevitably found accompanying America's good life.

A SARTRE of the suburbs? Yes, and his existentialism has never been more apparent than in the Jean Genet mockery and madness that informs the tone of *Falconer* prison.

Ezekiel Farragut, a blue blood with spiritual anaemia, is incarcerated in *Falconer* for murdering his brother with 18 or 20 strokes of a poker. This is an improbable crime for a professor of humanities, but presumably Cheever wants it that way. Farragut's mundane middle-class life, with all its attendant anxieties, was in itself improbable. Prison life, is intolerable, but paradoxically no more suffocating than Farragut's life on the outside, and in some ways more free. Readers who have never been inside a jail will hardly fall to get Cheever's point.

Novels set in enclosed worlds — islands, rubber rafts, prisons — are often meant to suggest microcosms of our society at large. Cheever, I think, has no such overworked intention here. *Falconer* is a centre of hidden life, but the men locked behind its stone walls are no mere marionettes awaiting the author's manipulation. This is not to suggest that they are in any degree fully-drawn, individualized characters. But they are something other than the stock prison types and mouthpieces for social criticism.

Farragut, for example, killed his brother Eben because the latter was so damned insensitive to others that only a poker could get through to him. Tennis is in the jug because of a clerical error that he engineered at his bank. The Cuckold was betrayed so many times outside prison that he takes perverse pleasure in betraying himself inside. And Chicken Number Two — well, it hardly matters what this old professional

criminal is in for — rape, robbery, murder. Looking him up is a kindness, since prison provides him with human contact, something he never had in freedom. As a prison guard reminds him:

"In twelve years nobody came to see you. That proves there ain't nobody on the street who knows your name. Even your own mother don't know who you are. Sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles, friends, chicks — you ain't got nothing to sit down at a table with. You is worse than dead. You shit. The dead don't shit."

THE AUDACITY of Cheever writing a prison book without having served time himself is redeemed by the authenticity of the despair that he exposes. His prison is brutal — but make no mistake, this is no appeal for prison reform. Cheever is after reform on a much grander scale.

In prison or out, Cheever's characters have been brutalized. Indeed, this has been Cheever's theme for 25 years: that in this modern world of our design, too many have been frozen out to the point where they have no one to talk with across a table. Millions fall under that chilling indictment of being "worse than dead."

Yet Cheever knows the human soul too well to leave the picture completely black. He is no nihilist of the spirit, for he is aware of the strivings and the complexities which that spirit can contain. He knows that men can, indeed, be kind to each other, that people can think beautiful — if only dimly perceived — thoughts. And if these things are rare, they are only to be cherished all the more.

So at the end of this loose, anecdotal novel, with its sweetly orchestrated play of tonalities, Farragut makes his escape, and a stranger (perfect stranger!) provides him with bus fare, a coat, even a home. Improbable — like everything else in the book — yet well within the range of what modern man is capable of. This is precisely the point of this divergingly moralistic book. Three cheers for Cheever, then — one for masterful prose, one for daring invention, and one for an almost prophetic intelligence. □

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Pax Arabica

DEATH OF A COUNTRY: The Civil War in Lebanon by John Bulloch. London, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 192 pp. £4.95.

Nissim Rejwan

IT IS NOW almost eight months since October 18, 1976, when, after careful preparation and a lot of behind-the-scenes bargaining, Saudi Arabia's King Khaled brought the Presidents of Egypt and Syria together and made the imposition of a Pax Arabica in strife-torn Lebanon possible. To be sure, both President Elias Sarkis of Lebanon and Yassir Arafat were there. But although they too got something out of the intricate arrangement, they were vitally secondary persons: by that time the civil war in Lebanon had been completely "Arabised."

The Riyadh deal was duly and quickly ratified by an Arab summit meeting in Cairo, where everybody except the Libyans and to see that the whole imbroglio could be ended for mere money. The 30,000-strong Arab peace-keeping force that was set up to be "financed and maintained

mainly by Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, and manned almost exclusively by the Syrians, who were already in Lebanon in some force.

On November 15, the war was brought to an end. However, the likelihood of an irrevocably divided, even partitioned, Lebanon is not yet behind us. The "death" in the title of John Bulloch's detailed, on-the-spot account refers not merely to the widespread destruction — physical and socio-economic — that the civil war brought in its wake. It must be taken as a reference to the virtual disintegration of the whole body politic — and to the possible ultimate disappearance of the Lebanese state as the geo-political entity the world has known.

JOHN BULLOCH's book is the first comprehensive account of the civil war in Lebanon. An experienced foreign correspondent who has represented the *Daily Telegraph* of London in virtually every Middle Eastern capital, his reputation is excellent. Here he manages to cover the war in all its crucial stages, and his account is not likely to be surpassed for some time. It is also an invaluable source for historians.

Nevertheless, when it comes to evaluation and judgment, Mr. Bulloch seems to be on far less firm ground. This, of course, is understandable, and in the circumstances even inevitable.

According to the Preface, for instance, the losers in the Lebanese civil war were both the Palestinians and the Lebanese: "The Palestinians lost their independence, their power and the prospect of any early establishment of their own state. The Lebanese lost their country."

This may or may not be sound evaluation — it is certainly partly true where the Palestinians are concerned. However, the concluding remarks of the last chapter sound far more hopeful, at least so far as the Lebanese are concerned. "Peace," Bulloch writes, "... brought with it plenty of problems; but after the long months of war, the random terror, the kidnappings and killings, the destruction of a city, a country, and a way of life — after all that, peace was enough. Lebanese and Palestinians alike swore that never again would they allow politics, bigotry or factional advantage to lead them to the abyss. This time, they meant it."

IT IS A SAD reflection that even these remarks should now sound rather too optimistic. Clearly,

however, one can hardly take issue with the author over such matters. This must be left to future historians. Meanwhile, Bulloch is of the opinion that the Lebanese civil war has "cleared the way for a general Middle Eastern settlement, and, to a degree... put Israel in a worse position than before."

The prospects of settlement, he explains, were improved because the Palestinians would no longer be in a position to torpedo any accord reached, and the public Syrian hanging of those who tried a guerrilla attack in Damascus was an indication of how the Arabs intend to react to extremist groups that turn to outright terror as a weapon of policy.

"Israel's position," he adds, "was made worse because it now had the Syrian Army on another front and because it was faced by the prospect of a new alliance on its northern border, while Egypt had been reluctantly forced to back away from its total commitment to peace."

Again, of course, only time will tell. Meanwhile, this book is a must for any reader who wants to learn about the course of Arab and Middle Eastern politics in the crucial years, 1976 and 1977. It is particularly illuminating on the role the Palestinians played both as catalysts and as active participants. □

See the movie

THE TETRAMACHUS COLLECTION by Philippe van Rijndt. London, Macdonald and Jane's. 287 pp. £3.95.

Evelyn Strouse

ON THE INSIDE flap, two discreet lines inform the reader that the film rights have been sold to Paramount. Since this is Mr. van Rijndt's first novel and by no means Paramount's first movie, the film is a cinch to be better than the book.

What "tetramachus" means, I don't know, although it might have been defined somewhere in the arcane fastness of the narrative. It's a great book for skipping: turn any page and you'll find that the conversational style differs not at all from that of the page before or 20 pages on: lover to mistress, pope to cardinal, sabra to prime minister. "How did Father Martin obtain this document?" is a fair sample of how people address each other, whether they've just met or are living in the same bed.

The environment is equally un-

differentiated. Although you are certain that you are in Rome, participating in a dialogue between the prime minister and a general, you discover that in the space of half a page you have been spirited to Paris, where you can glimpse the private life of the youngest member of the French Parliament. The only noticeable change is in the spelling of the street names.

Most staggering of all are the *dramatis personae*. Popes, cardinals, ambassadors plenipotentiary, international financiers, heads of the CIA and latter-day Mata Haris crowd the canvas as nonchalantly as pinups on walls and as two-dimensionally. Most of these characters have fictional names; Kissinger and Rabin are exceptions, perhaps on the theory that it's okay to take a Jewish name in vain.

AS TO PLOT, it's very thick indeed. It begins graphically at the Vatican, with an old crippled Polish priest struggling painfully up the steps and eventually into the most secret of secret places, the strong-room where forbidden documents are kept.

From then on, it's a free-for-all. Priest steals Tetramachus Collection, takes it to Italian publisher, goes into hiding, is tracked by pimps and prelates. The pack then concentrates on the publisher, who is murdered before the horrified eyes of his mistress; once he is dispatched, Vatican agents, the CIA, KGB, fascists, ex-Nazis, and even Israeli secret agents are loosed on the trail of the leather-bound arcana.

Since almost everybody involved has suffered or caused others to suffer during World War II, and the Tetramachus documents record the infamous role played by Rome during that war, the truth must never out. The really astonishing thing about all this is that it is presented as though no trace of blood-guilt had ever before been associated with the Vatican.

All the characters are stock — the lame priest, the thin-lipped ascetic cardinal, the ancient bearded Jew, the red-headed call-girl. All have either tragic or treacherous histories. Many are foully murdered; others take their own lives. There are more than the necessary ingredients of a whodunit, but those who do it like their whodunits strait at are offered true love, a little history, and a high moral tone. In short, it will make a marvellous movie. □

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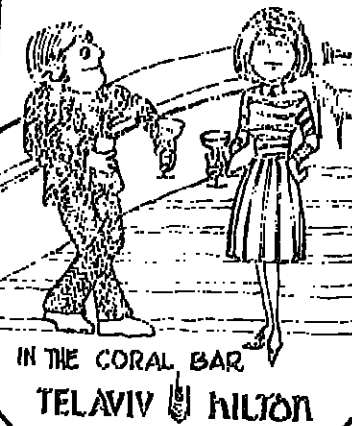
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Mac the Knife (Don Reiser) in his favourite whorehouse.

A bad threepenn'orth

THEATRE
Mendel Kohansky

WE HAVE LATELY been fed some healthy portions of Brecht, what with Habimah's *Good Woman of Setzuan*, the Viennese Puppet Theatre's *Threepenny Opera*, and now the *Threepenny Opera* again — this time with live actors — at the Beersheba Theatre. The play is considered by many to be Brecht's best, though it was written in 1928, when the author was 30. It is certainly the most popular of his works, constantly revived all over the world — even in the United States, where Brecht is otherwise not well known.

The show is populated with amusing characters and is full of amusing situations. It emphatically refuses to take itself seriously, but through all the fun and games runs the steady argument about the essential immorality of money-based bourgeois society.

Trapped in the Old Bailey, accused of a string of crimes of which a dozen lesser professionals would be proud to boast, Macheath coolly hands the jailer a cheque in return for various privileges, including the removal of his handcuffs. Sentenced to death, he cannot make an escape, because he is unable to raise the £10,000 the jailer asks for his good offices.

However, Mac wouldn't be Mac, and Brecht wouldn't be Brecht, if a criminal of such accomplishment and reputation, with such connections in high places, were to die on the gallows (in the Beersheba production it is the electric chair) like a common criminal.

HAVING GOT far ahead of myself, I must now return to the beginning. There is, first of all, Jonathan Jeremiah Peachum, a solid, prosperous London businessman. Assisted by his good wife, Mr. Peachum runs a beggar agency; he hires, trains, equips and manages several hundred beggars stationed throughout London, and collects 80 per cent of their take.

All goes well in the Peachum household until Polly, the apple of her parents' eyes, elopes with Captain Macheath, better known as Mac the Knife, another paragon of free enterprise. He employs a string of highly professional pickpockets, thieves, robbers, out-throats, rules them with an iron hand, pays salaries and bonuses every Thursday, and gets rid of employees who no

longer bring in good profits by handing them over to the police. This practice helps to cement his relations with Tiger Brown, the chief of the London police, who is also the father of his wife, Lucy.

It is the fact that Mac has married Polly while already married to another that irks the Peachums, and they decide to get rid of their unwanted son-in-law by denouncing him to Tiger. Mac's arrest is effected with the help of Jenny, a madame whose establishment Mac visits regularly every Thursday afternoon.

The story looks better on paper than on the stage of the Beersheba Theatre. I am afraid that the company overreached itself by undertaking a production which calls for a large, highly competent cast, an on-stage band, brilliant sets and costumes — something the Beersheba Theatre could not possibly muster, given the limitations of its stage, talent and budget. I could conceive of a *Threepenny Opera* devoid of trapdoors, making a virtue out of poverty, substituting imagination for spectacle, but this is not the case here. Director Imre Goldstein staged the play as if he had the resources of a large, rich company, and the result is a general aura of shabbiness about the production.

TRUE TO its name, *The Threepenny Opera* really is an opera, tongue in cheek, with a great score by Kurt Weill which deserves better than it gets here, not only from the singers but from the four-piece band as well. Not that there are no good performances. In the two leading roles, Esti Kossowitzky is a lovely Polly, who does very well in the singing department, and Don Reiser in his razor-sharp clothes is a convincingly confident Mac, and manages to deliver his songs without serious mishaps.

Adi Lev proudly displays an impressive amount of undulating flesh as Jenny, the whore with a heart of stone, and the two veterans, Jetta Lucca and Misha Nathan, are competently professional as, respectively, Mrs. and Mr. Peachum. Outstanding in the motley crowd of out-throats and whores and other gentlefolk is Yossi Yablonsky as the comically menacing Matt of the Mint.

Much has happened to the spoken Hebrew language since the late Avraham Shlonsky made his masterly translation (for Habimah) in 1960. Ehud Manor's new rendition is up to date and very much with it, and the lyrics are expertly rendered. □

Artist as model

Meir Ronnen

RELLY TARLO is a young sabra who has studied and worked in Holland for the last five years. Last Sunday evening he sat down before an invited audience at the Debel Gallery in Elin Karem (the only private gallery here to sponsor body-art happenings) and made no movement for over an hour. Tarlo was dressed entirely in white and sat against a white background. After some 10 minutes of this one began to become acutely aware of his presence, pose, and physiognomy; and to think of Gilbert and George, that dauntless pair of Englishmen who are their own live "sculptures," holding a joint pose for hours.

But after a few more minutes, a not entirely sympathetic audience began to get restless. A woman arose and forcibly altered Tarlo's pose, without drawing any reaction from him. Others took the cue, followed suit and even began to undress him. Some children joined the fun. An element of teasing, even thoughtless cruelty, quickly appeared. The audience response was also banal, even childish. An exception was that of a young man who quietly joined Tarlo in the pose for five minutes; the Gilbert and George feeling returned. So did the words of Andy Warhol: "Anyone can be an artist for 15 minutes." And "Anyone can be famous for five minutes."

Some of the audience evidently enjoyed the feeling of power and "creativity" so much that they came back again and again. It was a bit like playing charades too: one man even arranged Tarlo in a crucifixion pose and pretended to hammer in the nails.

Some of the (possibly more sensitive) members of the audience objected to all this. They objected to the vulgarity and the childish violence; they wanted the model left alone. One young man placed a note on Tarlo reading: "Exhibit — do not touch" and got rather violent when anyone else tried to approach him. The audience dissolved into passionate argument about whether they should be involved or not. The level of the argument was not very high and the protective minority seemed to ignore the fact that Tarlo had not responded to but cooperated with his tormentors. Tarlo himself was still sitting staring into space while all this was going on. His wife looked hugely pleased. It was evident to her that the evening was a huge success. After all, something had happened. The tension had transferred itself from the subject to the audience.

An interesting evening, spontaneous and in no way manipulated. It is documented in photographs at the gallery (till June 18).

WEISBUCH of Paris is again represented here with another set of etchings and lithographs in his neo-Renaissance style, lifted from a variety of Old Masters and given a few contemporary technical touches and calligraphic flourishes. This time the themes are of the horse, although there are also some athletes, with the two being combined in some cases in equestrian compositions. There is even an illustration to Cer-

Relly Tarlo: happening (Debel Gallery, Elin Karem).

vantes. One can find the origin of much of all this in the Chatsworth Collection now at the Israel Museum, particularly Raphael's sculptural horse. Weisbuch's brilliant handling and draughtsmanship (if somewhat inferior to Raphael's) is no substitute for lack of a personal statement; in the end, it all seems like middle-class living-room decoration. And some of the numbered "lithographs" are semi-mechanical stencigraphy. (Vision Nouvelle, Khutsot Hayotser, Jerusalem, till June 20).

NEHAMA GANOR of Kibbutz Elin Gedi shows a large number of small abstract oils on cardboard that are ingenious in construction and colour range, but which are as slick in conception and execution as high-powered American illustrations in designer colour.

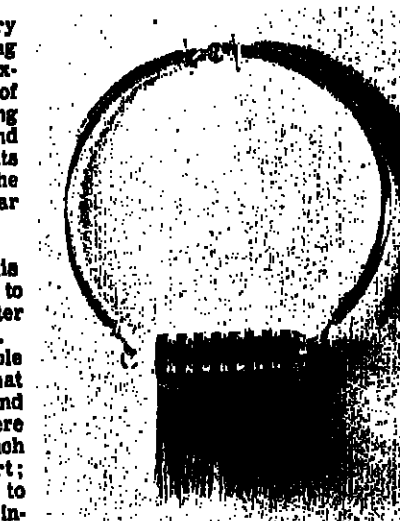
The graphic feeling is heightened by the drawn quality of each composition, as incised lines and hatching are the only means used to vary the texture of the surface. Rather cerebral work, but perhaps too easily achieved (Armon Gallery, Jewish Quarter, Jerusalem.)

MINA SISSELMAN is a veteran member of the New Horizons group who has recently completed a number of successful environmental and sculptural projects. Regrettably, her current show, which presents sketches and models for combining painting with sculpture and sculpture with painting, is so poorly executed that a number of interesting ideas simply don't come across; and some of the minimalist constructions, which could look quite effective when properly made in other materials at full scale, seem here to be little more than junk. The mixed-media paintings also suffer from raw, poorly-applied colour. (Engel Gallery, Rehov Shlomozion, Jerusalem, till June 14.)

Bezalel graduates show jewellery

FOR THE FIRST time in the history of the Bezalel Academy a graduating class is being accorded a public exhibition of its work right at the end of its final term: five girls and one young man from the department of gold and silversmithing are showing the results of assigned projects completed in the last two years of their four-year course.

TODAY'S jeweller, unlike his historical predecessors, is expected to be both artist-designer and master craftsman, a formidable challenge. The students were asked to grapple with design problems in jewellery that would reflect both subject matter and the projection of an idea. They were told to draw inspiration from such diverse subjects as the desert, geometrical forms in opposition to organic ones; toys; and found industrial or technical parts. The results show that all the students have learned their trade as smiths: technical achievements are high (though some of the inlay and cloisonné enamelling is not very impressive), and the finish is sound. In keeping with design



Shulamit Kemner: pendant of silver, copper and hair (Jerusalem Artists House).

developments indicated at the recent international jewellery show from the

Call it art

Gli Goldfine

CERAMIC wall plaques by DAN ELIAS are engrossing works of art devoid of the traditional set of aesthetic values. They are neither beautiful, elegant, graceful nor sumptuous. By the same token, they aren't ugly, sophisticated, decadent or explosive. They simply are.

Elias, an Israeli sculptor who recently completed his studies in Milan, has moulded neutral shapes that appear to be, at first sight, derivations of known objects; on closer examination, what emerges is a confrontation with total invention. This natural, original thinking has resulted in the creation of basic primeval forms that comprise a curious combination of pagan signs and the best of French coiffure.

Generally symmetrical, Elias' billowy relief forms are true abstract polygons, generating a static, self-contained energy and detailed with surface scars and pockmarks. Elias has organized the gallery walls as if he were selling hardware, each piece stuck directly to the plaster surface, unframed and almost at random, further removing them from "art". Painted in common tones and tints, the salmon pinks, cactus greens and sandy yellows play no part in the formulation of the subjects and serve merely as agents of change and variation.

If anything, this exhibition is a fresh wind, unorthodox, provocative — and somewhat magical. Well worth a visit. (Julie M. Gallery, 7 Gilson, Tel Aviv.)

GABRIEL PALTI, a member of Kibbutz Hazorea since 1959, was influenced by the American photographer Aaron Siskind, an early pioneer in the abstraction of the urban scene.

"Walls," although photographed by Palti in Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and Haifa, transcend locale by a process of reducing and simplifying the objective surface (of weathered posters, ripped mourning notices, cold stones, calligraphic graffiti and boarded

entrances) into frames of illusionistic collage or pure grey, white and black abstractions.

But Palti has seen the obvious without investigating all the possibilities at hand. Zooming in on torn paper and scribble is only concentrating on one repetitive factor, when undoubtedly the reality below and above camera level has much to offer. For this reason, I found 30, "Muti and Boobah," a delight. Wood planks, stone wall and glass are reduced to a few basic concrete shapes, each one compositionally locked into the other to form an ideal harmony, similar in spark to recent Robert Motherwell canvases.

Despite this success and a few others, however, Palti's attempt to emulate the Siskind school has led him to accumulate only a portion of the curriculum and consequently only a piece of the drama. (Kibbutz Gallery Artel, 13 da Vinco, till June 30.)

INSTITUTIONAL galleries function as havens for second-rate artists who seek to acquire an air of respectability and professional status, when in fact most of them would not stand up to the competition of the free marketplace. The newest such enterprise is the "Moshav Gallery," organized and sponsored by the Moshav Movement.

The current show is a sampling of the establishment's stable. Oils, watercolours, sculptures, drawings and prints that at best could be described as pedestrian, contain little imagination, no flair and only a smattering of technical proficiency. An occasional creditable watercolour of local scenery by Ahuva Sherman, together with colourful serigraphs and etchings by Margalit Zomer, keep this exhibit from falling completely on its face. Others showing are: Amnon Recanat, Shimon Kaplan, Tirza Kafri, Yaffa Periman and Yirmiyahu Rabinov. (Moshav Gallery, 37 Hanevi'im, Tel Aviv.)

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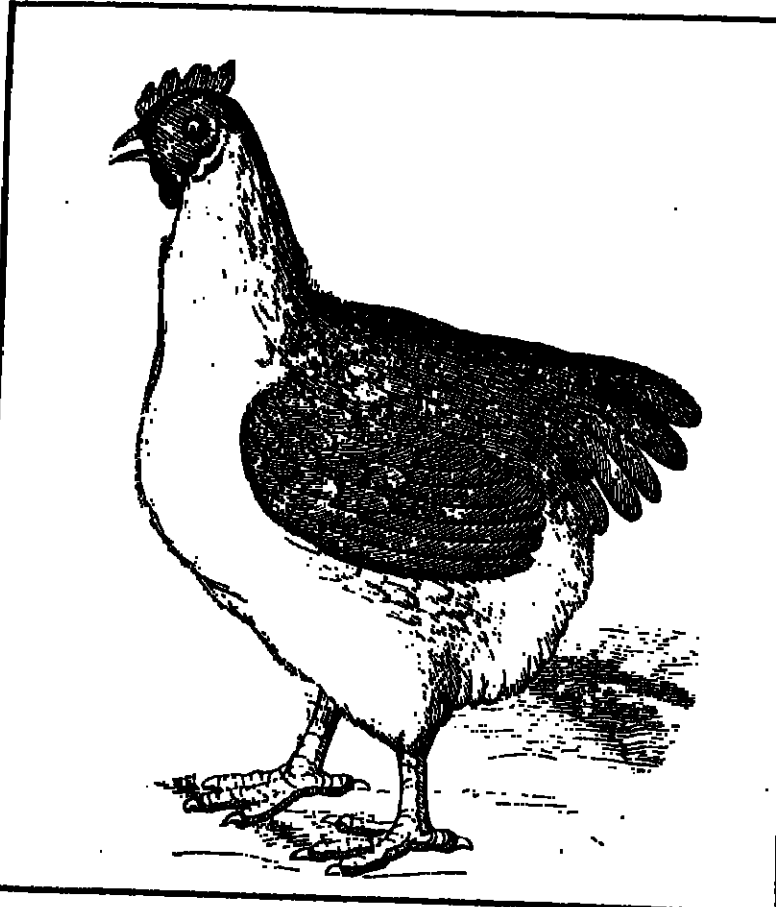
ISRAELIS of all linguistic backgrounds are learning to say "chicken" in English. American-style fried chicken is the latest fad food in the Tel Aviv area, and the promoters are sticking to "chicken" rather than the Hebrew word of their trade names. Sometimes it's pronounced "tsicken" or "shicken," but the product is catching on quickly.

Don Solomon has just opened the first shop of his "American Chicken" chain in the Neve Aviv shopping centre in Ramat Aviv. It's in Rehov Levitan, just round the corner of Rehov Yehuda Hanasi.

Admittedly, I visited "American Chicken" only two days after the opening, when it was still sparkling clean. But it gives the impression of being a highly-professional outfit that intends to maintain standards. Don Solomon came here from Florida four years ago, after working 18 years in the fast-food business, particularly chicken. He originally tried to get a franchise for Israel from the famous Colonel Sanders' Kentucky Fried Chicken, but when this fell through, he went ahead with a similar operation under another name.

CHICKEN AMERICAN STYLE

MARKETING WITH MARTHA



Unlike most quickie foods in Israel which are prepared on the spot, Don Solomon's chickens will come out of a central plant in Petah Tikva and will be transported warm several times a day to the retail shops. Locations have already been picked out in Ramat Hasharon and North Tel Aviv, and Mr. Solomon expects 12 to 15 outlets in the Dan Region. He is open to candidates for franchises — who can call the Petah Tikva number, 03-828311. That is also the number for catering orders, to be handled by his wife, Joanne.

As for the product itself, American Chicken is a soft-crusted fried chicken. The pieces are coated with seasoned flour and pressure-cooked in a special solid-type vegetable fat for 18 minutes only. (Mr. Solomon likes to avoid the word "fried.") The chicken remains soft and moist, although quite thoroughly cooked (but I did see a few pieces that remained somewhat pinkish near the bone).

You can eat in the shop, but most of the business is expected to be take-away. You can re-heat it at home in the oven, and if you want it more well-done or less moist, you can simply bake it a little longer. Some members of my family objected to the moistness, though I personally found it very good.

Some people who tried the American Chicken in its running-in period at Tel Aviv's recent Home Fair found it too salty for their taste. American Chicken uses the kashered frozen chickens from Of-Tenne, in Hadera, and while Mr. Solomon chose this brand for its consistent high quality, he admits that the kashrut supervisor there "has a strong hand with the salt shaker." To compensate for this, less salt is being put in the batter.

If subsidies on chickens are removed by the incoming government, so that frozen and fresh chickens level out in price, American Chicken may go over to fresh birds and have them cleaned and kashered to their specifications.

In addition to chicken, American Chicken offers chips, cole slaw and potato salad from its own factory, and apple pies from a Holon conditry. Daily shop hours are 11 a.m. to 9 p.m., non-stop, and closing time on

Fridays is about an hour before the Sabbath. Don Solomon considers himself "traditional" rather than Orthodox, and his main reason for closing the business on Shabbat is not primarily religious.

"In the U.S. all those years, I knew what it meant to run a food business seven days a week, with all the accompanying problems of shift work," he says. "Employees need a full day off."

AMERICAN Chicken is not cheap — but then it is not terribly expensive, either by today's standards for restaurant food. If you're interested in the meat itself, without the side-dishes, the main take-home offer is the "family pack" — nine pieces of chicken packed in a decorative cardboard box for IL1. These equal roughly a whole "size one" frozen chicken which would come to about half the price, taking into account the cost of the oil, flour and spices you would use.

An even sturdier "picnic basket" (a box with a handle) contains 15 pieces (nearly two whole birds) and sells for IL68, all taxes included. To eat on the premises or take home, you can get a hearty "snack" of two pieces plus chips for IL1.50, or a "dinner" of three pieces (about a third of a bird), chips, cole slaw and a roll for IL2.50. There is also a four- or five-piece package at around IL20, and you can buy individual pieces — though these are rather costly — IL5.50 for a single drumstick (pork), for instance.

The entire decor at American Chicken follows the red-white-and-blue theme, down to the staff's uniforms. The Neve Aviv shop is managed by another U.S. immigrant, Louis Ginsberg, formerly of Tucson, Ariz., who will train personnel for franchise shops. The shop is air-conditioned, and the only cooking done on the premises is the chips. Soft drinks and coffee (with parve Coffee-mate) are available. Mr. Solomon hopes to develop the home-catering aspect, and as a starter, there is a 21-piece "party pleaser" package for IL25. Salads cost IL12 for half a kilo.

I HAD HEARD that there was another American-style fried

chicken place, called "Chicken Plus," in the Ramat Aviv quarter, but it proved rather difficult to locate. It is at 13 Rehov Kfar Yona, off Rehov Brodetsky, and the best way to find it is to look for the yellow-and-brown Plaza Ice Cream shop and go up the hill alongside it.

Chicken Plus was a disappointment after American Chicken, both in physical appearance and in the product itself. The premises are little more than a kiosk with kitchen, and are set up for take-out sales only. The place has no kashrut certificate — although the owner says only kosher frozen chickens and no milk products are used — nor does it have a municipality business licence. Owner and sole cook Avi Bentov, an Israeli who studied and worked in the U.S., says he "filled out a form" for a licence when he opened six months ago, and is still waiting for it. (In fairness, Don Solomon also opened without a business licence. He said a city clerk promised the licence would take "only a few days longer" and told him to go ahead and open "like everyone else does.")

As for the chicken itself, I found it greasy and very salty. To its credit, however, it does have a nice, crisp coating. Mr. Bentov says his batter is a "secret recipe," which contains "more than 12 seasonings, including salt."

For those not put off by the un-aesthetic appearance of the place, Chicken Plus is considerably cheaper than its new competitor. A whole nine-portion chicken costs only IL28.90 (compared with IL41 at American Chicken). If you bought it in separate pieces, they would total IL32 — for instance, IL3.50 for a drumstick or a mere IL1.50 for a wing.

Avi Bentov says one reason he can be cheaper is that he employs Tel Aviv University students as part-time sales clerks, while he does the cooking himself. He managed a Kentucky Fried Chicken shop while he was studying at Boston University. The emblem of his enterprise is to be the Statue of Liberty, holding a chicken aloft! He too hopes to develop a chain and sell franchises.

My personal feeling is that he will find very stiff competition from Don Solomon, despite the latter's higher prices. However, Chicken Plus — judging from the busy lunchtime business it was doing — seems to have developed quite a clientele of its own. Business hours are 11 a.m. to 9 p.m., and until 4 p.m. on Fridays. It is closed Saturdays.

IF YOU WANT to try making American-style fried chicken at home, I can offer you my recipe. I dip the pieces in flour seasoned with black pepper, paprika and ground celery, but little or no salt, because the chicken will have absorbed enough when I kashered it. I fill a deep frying pan more than half-way with ordinary cooking oil, and wait until it is very hot before I put the chicken in.

Leaving the pan uncovered, so as not to destroy the crispness, I cook the chicken for 20 to 30 minutes, turning the pieces over once during the process. When they are done, I drain them on paper towelling.

Don't skimp on the cooking time for the thicker pieces, or you will find them pinkish inside, even though they look well browned outside. To get the wings crisp, I do them last, when the oil is hottest, and they cook in less time than the other portions.

MARTHA MIBIRIS



CULINARY NOTES

Haim Shapiro

All my own work

IT ALL STARTED with a rather casual invitation to a few people to come for supper. The idea seemed rather a good one so we kept on inviting others.

When the number grew to over a dozen, we decided that we could not actually serve them a sit-down meal. Somehow, we would have to transform the evening into an after-supper affair.

We did this as subtly as we could by telling everyone to come at a rather late hour. Still, we felt there might be those who were still expecting a meal and we couldn't send them away hungry. We solved the problem with a large platter of vegetables, and a mustard sauce in which to dip them, hot meat pasties, and cake.

The meat pasties, my own invention, were an amalgam of Western and Oriental recipes.

I HAD FIRST made a dough by rubbing together with my fingertips four cups of flour and about 200 grams of margarine, until they took on the consistency of wet sand. Then I added an egg and enough cold water (about a cup) to make the dough firm.

I put it in a plastic bag and left it in the refrigerator to set for at least an hour. Meanwhile, I mixed the meat filling.

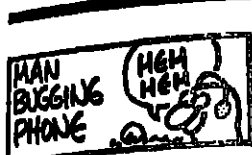
In contrast to other such dishes, I decided not to cook the meat before putting it in the pasty. I therefore started with about half a kilo of raw chopped meat.

I sliced four onions and fried them in a little oil. As they fried, I added about half a teaspoon of sugar to give the dish a slightly sweet taste and to help the onions turn a nice brown colour. When they were done, I minced the onions well and added them to the meat, together with some chopped parsley, salt and lots of pepper and allspice.

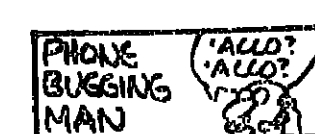
I then rolled out the dough into strips about 10cm. wide. I spread the meat mixture along the centre of the strips, rolled them up, and cut the roll into squares.

After placing them on a greased and floured pan, I brushed the top with egg white and baked them in a medium hot oven for about 40 minutes, until they were lightly browned.

Our guests seemed to like the pasties, which one described flatteringly as "like sausage rolls, only better."



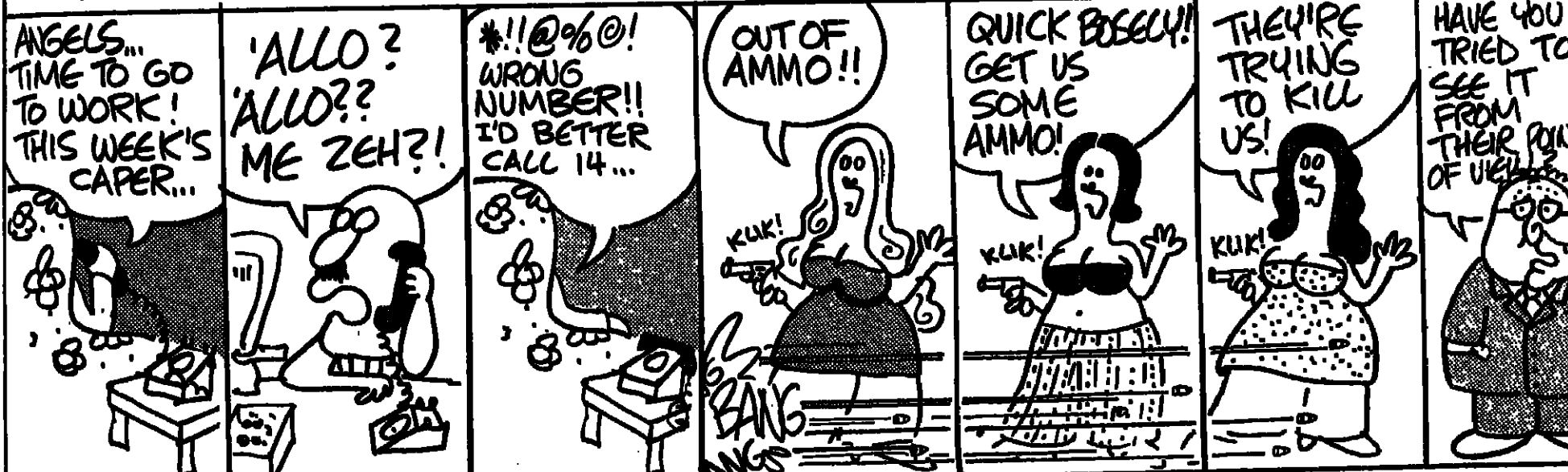
The Weekend Dry Bones



OKAY... SO WE'VE ALL SEEN THAT DOREY SHOW WITH THE THREE CHICKS AND THEIR TELEPHONE-DIALING BOSS... AND IT'S A BORE!! SOMETHING'S MISSING!! ORIGINALLY IT WAS TO BE AN ETHNIC DETECTIVE PROGRAM... LIKE COLUMBO, OR BANACEK OR KOJAK. BUT THEY CUT IT OUT WHICH IS WHY YOU NEVER SAW...

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